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The Deadly Plague of Terrorism, by Morris West

The Nuclear Explosion They Tried To Cover Up

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More than Just a Show Business Phenomenon, by Richard Reeves



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by Morris West

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by Richard Reeves

A new book, which light on the closing question: Should I be?

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Cover sculpture by Bob

and Beverly Zakman,

photograph by Matthew Klein

A cover best of television

A cover best of television

A cover best of television

A cover best of television

A cover best of television

A cover best of television

A cover best of television

A cover best of television

A cover best of television

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Secrecy

Secret Society, one of America's

most powerful and mysterious

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Take a look at the down-sized Grand Prix, Monte Carlo and Cutlass. Then take a look at this new size Chrysler LeBaron coupe. If the others seem less than you expected this year, LeBaron presents more than you expected.

You won't find power steering or power front disc brakes standard on Monte Carlo. (You won't find full-size, 15-inch radial tires and wheels, either.)

You won't find a lot of instrument panel gauges standard on Grand Prix. (And Grand Prix's standard transmission is a basic 3-speed manual. Ours has an overdrive.)

You won't find genuine leather seating available on even the most expensive Cutlass. (Surprised?)

Where you'll find all this and much more (along with two more surprises: the mileage shown here, and the price down below) is on the new size Chrysler LeBaron.

There is no other car quite like LeBaron. Don't settle for anything less.

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price, excluding taxes and destination charges. †Whitworth (two 5.0L) and wheel covers \$60 extra. ‡20% estimated for 6-cylinder engine with manual overdrive transmission. Your actual mileage may differ depending on your driving habits, the condition of your car and its optional equipment. †Mileage shown, optional automatic transmission mandatory in California.



THE NEW SIZE CHRYSLER LeBARON. DON'T SPEND ANYTHING MORE. DON'T SETTLE FOR ANYTHING LESS.

\$5251.* AS SHOWN.



Introducing the solution.

New Camel Lights



Everybody knows the problem.

Ordinary low tar cigarettes can't deliver the full measure of satisfaction that's the very reason you smoke.

Now Camel Lights has the solution.

The famous, richer-tasting Camel blend has been reformulated for low tar filter smoking. With just 9mg. tar. The result: a rich, rewarding, truly satisfying taste.

What's in a name?

Satisfaction. If the name is Camel. All the flavor and satisfaction that's been missing in your low tar cigarette. With a name like Camel Lights, you know exactly what to expect. Try one pack. The solution could be in your hands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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Cut-rate Route to Disaster

Low fares are a boon for airlines. But if the economy falters, watch out.

I know you're asking it: why not try one of these super-saver seats?

- Washington to San Francisco: \$66
- New York to London: \$84.95
- Round-the-world trip: \$199. Price low.
- Trenton, New Jersey to Dayton, Ohio: \$19.98

Too low, you say. There's something wrong. You're right. These are phony prices. But don't rate them out. Airlines are flooding the market with a rash of discount fares, and while they fit in it's nobody's business. The economy may never be the same again.

One thing is certain, though—a lot of history is repeating itself. Back in the late 1970s, a revolution took place in the airline: the introduction of jet aircraft. It led to sharply reduced fares, and when followed was an industry boom as the aging domestic carriers relied on massive operating profits of \$2.6 billion between 1978 and 1980. But then came the soft 1979s, and in this period, airline traffic sagged.

Well, those days of stagnation have recently gone way to a replay of the early 1980s. Thanks to those discount fares—especially in the 30 to 45 percent range—passenger traffic, which had been on a slide with double-digit monthly increases since last September, and is now up in those hefty gains (which have continued strongly in 1979 despite an unexpected winterstorm airline strike, thanks to the mystery's recovery, has begun to take off. In the past five and a half months, these stocks have increased gains of about 13 percent, versus a 5 percent decline in the same period for Standard & Poor's 500-stock index. And some leading brokerage houses—such as D.P. Penner & Company and Salomon Brothers—are telling clients it's still too late to hop aboard for further gains.

Our Dispatch reports on the industry and America's world in civil issue.

May be so, but then again, that surge in airline traffic could be short-lived. Try this: a 1980s-era estimate of projected discount fares—mainly bigger discounts and broader discount coverage (such as special fares for youths and senior citizens)—was a fledgling economy in 1978 or early 1979. Even one of the bulls, Salomon's airline specialist, John Maloney Jr., concedes profits would be an immediate drawback. And how would airlines respond to slowing traffic growth? "That's the problem," admits Maloney. "No one could predict how far these discounts would go. Another top airline analyst tries a stop further, declining. These discounts—if they continue to spread—could be the same song for some airlines. The industry has put itself in a perilous position."

For some thoughts on the subject, I dropped in to see American Airlines' chief, Albert V. Casey, who steered us down to a quiet "Super Savers" (30 to 45 percent discounts) in April of last year. "We at United thought we were out of our mind, but meanwhile they matched us and they're now leading from it," he told me.

But what happens if the economy slows? "The economy is slowing, but we're not," Casey quickly responded. He noted, for example, that the gross national product rose at a rate of 3.1 percent in the third quarter of 1977, while airline traffic grew 7 percent in that period. In the fourth quarter, the GNP was up about 4 percent, whereas airline traffic shot up around 12 percent. And we're still going strong, though double-digit traffic increases, says Casey. "We're seeing a rebirth of the airline travel market, and I think it's going to last."

A caveat: most airlines, though, have increased their and hovering above me to emphasize a point. Casey repeated the idea that some airlines might have their

discounts to gain an edge on the competition—especially in a period of declining revenues. I don't see any more discounts coming from any airlines because they'd be discounting themselves out of business," he said. "We're down to such a low price now that I don't know how the hell you could do it."

A month's talker who recently turned fifty-eight and who's paid \$300,000 a year for running the business of the ST-2 Jetliners American Airlines, Casey told me that country to the airline industry the industry is really not going to go to 45 percent discounts. Let me tell you a secret, he said. "The vast majority of people telling discounts were already getting them before [through stock markets and price wars]. So the discounts the airlines are offering really average out to only about sixteen to seventeen percent. And that's the economic secret. We're really not getting the airline business."

Casey figures the airlines should also benefit handsomely on another count—namely, that they're not going to expand as recklessly as they did in the 1960s. "They won't do it for two reasons," he said. "They don't have the financial capacity and they're cautious about their past mistakes. Now they're simply let the lead factor [a reference to revenues per passenger mile] rise on its own." As another significant point, he explains the industry to be grateful a 2 to 3 percent increase, followed by another 7 to 8 percent hike in October.

Considering his optimism, one might expect Casey to predict another year of rising industry profits, which led last year to a record \$600 million. But Casey says profits for the domestic industry is a whole, dropping to \$400 million to \$500 million this year—a decline of 16.5 to 33 percent—because he expects it. "The growth is expected to be negative," he says. "The growth is expected to be negative."

Photograph by Arnold Rosenberg

"These discounts—if they continue to spread—could be the swan song for some airlines. The industry is now in a profit straitjacket."

estimates about a 13 percent increase in the year's industry profits, versus only an 8 percent rise in traffic. Why only 8 percent? Because a leveling off from current double-digit traffic increases will be inevitable when the industry tries to match the expansion in profits, that gets what was last summer.

Despite the likelihood of a sharp earnings decline this year, the industry has tried from an advertisement (first printed in 1977). American may soon be delivering its shareholders an unexpected good news. I hope it, as an excellent example of that at the next board meeting. (April 16). American will strongly con-

sider retaining a modest cash dividend. It had paid a dividend—40 cents a share—since 1971. Loney would talk about a payout, but sources tell me the flight management's belief that the overall trend is upward for the industry. The overall trend is upward for the industry. It's expanding its oil and gas exploration activities. It's looking to get into the broadcasting business. And while Loney won't talk about it, I hear

American is seriously exploring to acquire a publicly owned insurance company.

Casey strikes me as a nice fellow and I wish him luck. But jumping from his very own words, cut it shouldn't let too much away with his business—what he's for American or for the industry. As Casey readily put it: "We're a play—but not for the long run. When the economy picks up, we go up faster. It's that simple." So, if you're looking at the stock, you can see a clear picture today. Perhaps that's why Casey only owns about 6,000 of the company's 28.6 million shares. Apparently his best is not in the clouds.

Antique Autos—Another Bonanza That's Running Out of Fuel



A 1932 Ford—being sold for \$10,000 in 1967 for \$25,000 in 1978 for \$45,000.

Here's a roundup of inventory collector's prices that have mushroomed in price and their estimated value, as judged by a panel of experts, between 1967 and 1978.

Year	Make	Model and Type	Value 1967	Value 1978	Percentage Gain
1951	Mercedes-Benz	Cabriolet 230 A	\$1,400	\$15,000	971
1950	Willys	4-door 1950	400	3,500	775
1950	Rolls-Royce	21-1/2 coupe	3,500	10,000	300
1954	Jaguar	XK100 roadster	900	10,000	1,111
1951	MG	TD roadster	1,200	7,000	483
1958	Bugatti	Type 57SC convertible	9,500	91,000	426
1955	Chevrolet	Belair coupe	400	4,000	900
1959	Bentley	4-Litre roadster	9,500	70,000	637
1958	Mercedes-Benz	300 SL roadster	21,000	700,000	700
1952	Daimler-Benz	5.5 roadster	3,100	700,000	5,614
1940	Packard	Rolls-Royce 12	1,100	125,000	3,278
1935	Infiniti	Type 8A Tourer	6,500	81,000	940
1956	Mercedes-Benz	300 SL Roadster (gullwing body)	17,000	125,000	635
1925	Stearns	5-Litre GP racer	3,000	180,000	5,900
1939	Maybach	8-CTP GP	12,000	82,000	608
1934	Bugatti	Type 58B GP	3,500	81,000	1,882
1935	Rolls-Royce	Phantom IV limousine	35,000	171,000	217
1960	Packard	Mercury convertible	4,500	90,000	1,900
1966	Ford (AC)	427 Cobra roadster	3,500	39,000	980
1962	Ferrari	250 GTO	7,000	81,000	1,033

Source: *Antique Automobiles*

*The 1965 price covers only the value of the chassis.

**1958 change prices in the end of 1967 and the end of 1977.

Photograph by Norman McGrath

A 1932 Ford, they say, once owned the car—a 1939 cylinder holder, supercharged, armor-plated Mercedes-Benz. In 1958, the last, the last owner of the Vintage Car Store in New York, New York, and a leading dealer in rare automobiles, sold it to one of his customers for \$10,000. It is a shame he didn't wait just a year later, that same car brought \$25,000 at an auto auction in Scottsdale, Arizona. Fortunately, Jerry had more patience with a 1935 open-top Mercedes-Benz, grand prize he picked up in 1968 during a trip to Argentina. It cost him \$10,000. He spent over \$25,000 on it, and it is presently expected to sell for \$200,000.

These are just a couple noteworthy examples of the hot latest money-making games of the past decade: collecting and selling old cars for fun and profit. Obviously, not every vintage car producer took substantial gains. But enthusiasts have repeatedly been listed not only by auto dealers but by a lot of car collectors. The car market is still on the onslaught of auto mania, the results are cars equipped with young prices for savings of all kinds, including, and the well-known list of profits that have been made on vintage cars.

Shoppers? Try these figures, if you bought an average stock at the beginning of 1968 and still own it, you're behind about 6 percent. In the same period, vintage cars, on average, have appreciated about 480 percent. The table at left for examples of these skyrocketing values.

The old-car-collecting fraternity in the United States numbers some 100,000 buffs and includes anyone who buys an auto for reasons other than utilitarian purposes. Most live in the power from the beginning of the car's life, such as the 1935 and 1937 Thunderbolt hardtop (compared to engine models (especially Daimler-Benz and Bugatti). About one million cars in the U.S.—study one million of the 130 million cars

on the road—fall into the vintage-car category.

If you're ready to dash off and buy an old car, a word of warning: The days of the giant-size profits could be over. A group of experts—including firms—solidly agree that the astronomical prices of the past decade have put a ceiling on most of these sales, which—unlike stocks—also require continuous work for upkeep.

"The once great prize is not only leveling off," Jensi says, "but it's becoming dangerous because the resale market is shrinking badly. It's outrageous to see people buying Volkswagen cars at Tiffany prices, and that's what's going on." Jensi says vintage car firms should be especially wary of sales nations, many of which, he insists, "are keeping the prices of cars through continued and rigid bidding." Adds Jensi: "You have to be on top as to study the market before buying one of these cars—if these cars—the advertised 'classics'—become a lot of what you're looking at are spurious prices."

Sell, our experts. Jensi included, believe that while hefty profits will be harder to come by, there are still some good ones to be had. Their top choices: 1967 or 1964 Corvair Monza convertible, 1955, 1956, or 1957 Thunderbird coupe/roadster, any two-cylinder Form or custom-bodied Rolls Royce, any Bentley Continental, 1951 or 1954 Corvette, sports-bodied stock wagon (product of any year, Jeep (WWII only), 1955 Chevrolet Nomad station wagon, 1956 or 1957 Mark II, and 1956 or 1957 Ford re-imagined hardtop convertible.

Understand, the Downtown Firm—1966 Dodge Dart and a 1976 Volkswagen Rabbit—don't yet make the list.

The Late Ticker . . .

Wacker Securities, which urged clients to better cash in on the 50 to 70 percent, expects a big burst in interest rates (with two-to-four-year Treasury bills). For example, raising them to current 10 1/2 percent yield to 8.5 percent, accordingly, it sees Dow Jones Industrials dropping to the 600s between now and the fall.

Surging rumors that a take-over is in progress for Twentieth Century-Fox appear to be a lot of nonsense. The stock's recent run-up reflects short covering, market-fund buying, and some additional purchases by Chris-Craft Industries, which has raised its position—a "sweetheart"—to about 500,000 shares, or 6.5 percent of the stock. Add to growing list of reported take-over candidates include Alamo, and mechanical maker Goldings & Lewis. The big Chrysler Fiat issue, \$1.4 billion, building significant positions in drug securities (both stocks and options), namely, Warner-Lambert, Pfizer, Squibb, and Schering-Plough. Some big New York banks are likely to wrap up borrowing needs soon, as they expect money to tighten considerably by year-end. It

Enter the Thomson Slacks Sweepstakes at these participating stores:

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Alabama Sewing Men & Boys
Birmingham: Parkville Inc.

ARKANSAS
Holtz & Elands
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CONNECTICUT
East Haddam: Sam Gordon

Fairfield: The Fairfield Store
Glastonbury: DeGemma
Hartford: C. Fox Co. (and branches)

Midford: Town Square
Middletown: C. Fox Co.
New Britain: J. J. Quinn
New London: Bickel's

Old Greenwich: Old Greenwich Sport Shop
New Milford: Marlboro

DELAWARE
Wilmington: Mallory's

FLORIDA
Coral Gables: Maffuca-Clark Buchanan
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TRY ON A PAIR OF THOMSON SLACKS. YOU MAY WIN THREE PAIRS, FREE.

THOMSON TRY-ON WEEK APRIL 24-29, '78

Thomson probably has more ways to make a man look terrific than the waist down than any other slacks maker. We make 452 different kinds of dress, casual and golf slacks, dress pants and shorts.

We know that we can sell a pair if we can put get you to try on a pair.

So we're giving you a little extra incentive. Come in to any Thomson retailer listed on the opposite page during the week of April 24. See for yourself how great you look in Thomson Slacks. Then enter the Thomson Try-On Sweepstakes.



You may win three pairs of Thomson Slacks, free. (Your choice from belted saddle cloth shown.) (Since there'll be a separate drawing at every store, you stand a reasonably good chance of winning.) Winners will be notified within 10 days from closing date of sweepstakes.

Of course, once you've seen these great-looking slacks, and priced them, you'll probably want to buy a couple of pairs. They're made of a blend of long-wearing *Dacron*® polyester and cotton.

Thomson Slacks retail from \$20 to \$45. But look like they should sell for twice that amount.

Because we give you the same styling and workmanship and the identical fabrics as many \$60 to \$80 slacks.

Thomson Slacks. When it comes to making a man look great, they give you two legs up.

This opportunity to try on slacks is right in store everywhere.

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THOMSON SLACKS

Tradition like you've never seen it before.



THE SPARKOMATIC SOUND. IF YOU'RE A TRAVELIN' MAN LOOKING FOR HIGHER STANDARDS IN HIGH FIDELITY.



Car speakers haven't exactly been noted for high performance or high fidelity. At best, they were a source of sound. But they were far from reproducing anything close to the original sound source.

Travelin' men seriously into sound, like yourself perhaps, were frustrated. Settling because there was no alternative. But your higher standards in high fidelity didn't keep you from sounding off. Until finally, you've made it clear that from here on in, unresponsive sound would be unheard of.

Sparkomatic, long an unchallenged leader in car

sound, has been listening. And studying. And designing. And engineering. And now, Sparkomatic can proudly announce a real score in car sound. We've created speakers and amplification systems with unprecedented power band width, with exceptional frequency response and with extraordinarily low distortion. But only a live demonstration will confirm the "live" performance quality of Sparkomatic car sound equipment.

So if you're a travelin' man looking for great sound, now you can experience a new high in high fidelity. Visit a Sparkomatic dealer and see for yourself.



Van Speakers

For the man who travels by van, Sparkomatic has special Van Speakers. And these speakers don't take their van name in vain. They are designed to fit the "stereobatic" mounting requirements and acoustical imbalances created in vans. They're also engineered to handle up to 50 watt power peaks. They sound and look superb.



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Sparkomatic's TriplePlay speakers deliver the essence of "in person" performance. The delicate levels of high frequency are brilliant. The bass response is practically distortion free and the range is magnificent. Power is no obstacle to these speakers and 50 watt peaks come easy. The TriplePlays are available in various sizes and shapes to fit all installations.



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An amplification system to equal the power of any, but with un-equalled, undistorted clarity. And for speakers to handle this power plant, Sparkomatic's Load & Clear Amplification System is matched up with compatible 6 x 9 cassette of impeccable credentials. The sound reproduction is indeed loud, but with an absolutely clear advantage.



The "Gutty" Sound

The component look. It's an eyeful. And an aural. Whofa, tweeter and mid-range combine to faithfully reproduce the full sound range. These Sparkomatic speakers capture the elusive tones at high and low extremes. And they'll take plenty of power... up to 50 watt peaks. They're as "professional" sounding as they look.

SPARKOMATIC
For the Travelin' Man.

Car Sound with Equipment at Auto 1 Inc./Los Angeles Company



Former President Richard M. Nixon and translator General Vernon Walters (in Pop) Fred Uhl at a 1966 meeting in the Pentagon

Soldier, Spy—Tinkered Out

Walters was a spy and a presidential translator, but he's boring anyway.

Old soldiers never die; they just wait their moment. In that, there's one more problem with the armed forces' policy of allowing people to retire in a comparatively young age: it gives military men all the more time to afflict their memoirs upon us.

The latest such perpetrator is General Vernon A. Walters, author of *Silver Shirts* (Doubleday, \$17.95), who came to national attention during the Watergate investigation. Throughout his years of service, General Walters faced many of the crises of our country—from the German Nazis to the Italian Fascists to Richard M. Nixon. It was Nixon who came closest to destroying him.

At the time of the Watergate break-in, General Walters was deputy director of the Central Intelligence Agency. On orders from the White House, Walters asked the FBI to curtail its Watergate investigation on the pretext that CIA secrets might be exposed. He later recorded that request about as befuddled lameness that CIA secrets were not in danger. Therefore, the FBI staged ahead.

General Walters' memoir does only briefly with Watergate and adds nothing new to the story. So don't pick up this book expecting, as I did, another Watergate book. Walters evidently said just about everything he had to say about the scandal during his twenty or so appearances as a witness before various congressional panels. Most of the book is dedicated to a long review of his Army career, from World War II to Vietnam. What makes Walters' story slightly unusual is that along the way he happened to act as translator for five Presidents.

Of course, translating for Presidents was hardly a full-time job. Walters spent most of his time working for the Defense

Intelligence Agency (DIA), which makes Walters a curious choice for presidential translator and raises all sorts of questions. One wonders: did he report back to his bosses at the DIA on what our Presidents said to foreign leaders? In other words, did he spy on five American Presidents? Did the Presidents know their translator was a spy by trade? And if they did know, why did they hire him for such a sensitive job? Whatever the answers to these questions, having him seem to make about as much sense as a President's bagging lameness in the Oval Office.

Like most military memoirs, though, *Silver Shirts* is not so much a book as a collection of anecdotal footnotes to the history of our times.

Footnote 1: On Wake Island, General Douglas MacArthur (our last President Harry Truman's wingman, but he did not solve him, either. As you will recall, a controversy has brewed for years over whether the original general showed disrespect for his President by not meeting his plane. Walters, who was there, says that MacArthur met the plane but managed to show disrespect anyway. Years later, Walters visited Truman in Independence and asked, "Mr. President, when you arrived at Wake Island and came down the steps from the plane, did you notice that Truman interrupted?" "Did I notice that MacArthur did not salute the President of the United States?" You are goddamned right I noticed! I was sorry, because I knew at that time I was going to have trouble with him.

Footnote 2: President Nixon sent Walters on a foreign policy mission that he wanted kept secret from Kissinger. Nixon wanted Walters to talk to General Franco about who would rule Spain after he died. Walters writes: "The President then directed me to discuss my report upon my return to his own secretary, Rosemary

Woods, rather than to the girls in Henry Kissinger's office. Not even Nixon trusted Kissinger."

Footnote 3: President Nixon might not have installed the White House taping system if Walters had only cooperated. As Nixon's translator, Walters used to write up a memorandum on every conversation he sat in on—which gave Nixon an idea. Walters reports: "Haldeman told me that President Nixon had been greatly impressed by my ability to write extensive memoranda of conversations without taking any notes. He wanted to know if I would be interested in attending all of the President's meetings and recording what had transpired."

I replied that I was grateful for the offer but I was really not interested in such a job. I believe that not long after this conversation with Haldeman the tape recorder was installed in the White House. If Walters had worked out as a human tape recorder, perhaps the White House crowd would have asked him to go over and hide in Larry G. Brown's Watergate office. That would have avoided a lot of problems.

Since you now know the above, there is absolutely no reason to read this book. Another reason not to read *Silver Shirts* is that it must be one of the worst edited books ever printed. Parts of chapters are repeated almost verbatim in several different chapters.

Like MacArthur, a lot of old soldiers seem to now. I shall return, and make them comeback as authors. Unfortunately for these soldiers, however, the Veterans who had stored the way we look at war, war stories, the military, even mislabeled Walters. Army part of view now seems as dated as a Betty Grable pep. He returned, but not for. Old soldiers never die, they just have the rest of us to devour. ☐



Still Moments

Absolute tranquility—pausing on a woodland path to listen to the myriad sweet sounds of the forest, paddling over motionless mirrored blue skies, or simply lounging, soaking up the sun, and if you tire of that, the chance to sail, hike, golf, ride, play tennis, shuffleboard, enjoy shore-lunches or barbecues, and, come nightfall, make new friends in the cozy company of a roaring fire, or be one with nature outside, beneath the Borealis, the silence broken only by the loons' lonely cry—still moments, absolute tranquility, the North begins again. For more about resorts and northern adventure vacations, call COLLECT (416) 965-4008, or write:

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Abedi covered Lance's \$3.4 million in debts with no papers signed and no interest rate worked out—just an agreement to do so later.

helped the shareholders, but Laro could be "knocking" all the way to the bank that his Amb French will soon control.

Lance Notten

Beyond suggesting the pitfalls of consent decrees, the Lanza-financial General Inspection provides new revelations about President Carter's best friend and former business director.

1. He sought his pledge in the 1940s or his confirmation hearings, not to be involved in banking or with old hand at securities which is government service. The SEC and Financial General complaints both have him meeting for lunch in the spring of 1947 with J.W. Mable and the man who would soon become the

chairman of Financial General and Lanza's adversary in the Lanza-Ahmed tale over almost several months later. Middleton claimed in his deposition that the meeting was set up so Lanza could advise him on acquiring Financial General stock. One of Lanza's lawyers, Robert Ahmed, told me that you a meeting had taken place but that it was just a social gathering arranged by a mutual friend. He specified to mention that the mutual friend happened to own a big chunk of Financial General stock that Middleton was after.

2. **Abel's** *Plutonium* broke out of its death throes. In July 1994, after missing two or three issues and almost dying, *Plutonium* returned to its original format. Abel's *Plutonium* was widely proclaimed as being dead in personal bankruptcy. His poverty drove him last July (by October 15) to bail his first meeting with Abel, and within two weeks Abel offered Lance a deal he couldn't refuse. According to Lance, Abel's offer was to buy back the rights to Abel's *Plutonium* from the bankrupted Georgia banker's providing Abel with unspecified advance on future income (investments). Abel immediately paid off Lance's controversial \$5.4 million back loan. There were no further signs of Abel's interest in the deal, and Abel and Abel agreed to end their dealings later. Abel's *Plutonium* agreed to pay Lance what Lance says is a "substantial" amount consulting solely. Lance steadily went up his own. For Lance, he says in the deposition of "embarrassment," but a source close to Lance says Abel's *Plutonium* was "not a deal" but Abel's new introduction to the Gulf Phosphate, one of the world's largest phosphate producers, and of course to Arabs to whom Abel provides investment advice and financing, whereupon Phosphate completed the buying out of Bill Lance by buying his interest in the Nilebasin (a Georgia) and the Nilebasin (a finance).

By the way, the *Plutonium* finance is a representation from us such that we find him



As the real life of a woman

ing 13,000 shares of Financial General in his wife's name (at \$167,000).

Briefs

Lynn M. Brown, Graduate

It seems that the Edgewood-Troyer bridge, which intersects the Earl School Admission Test, took its toll not only in changing the odds between July and October 1977. The result scores were higher on the October and December tests than they've ever been in history. For example, Yale usually has about 1,000 applicants to get the top score of 800. This year, because of the October and December tests, almost all applicants took it in October; it has many two candidates scoring 800 and double the number

This wouldn't be the totally important news item, however, had it not been that the University itself had a problem. That's the problem: ETS never told anyone it was going to administer all tests at Yale, Columbia, and Chicago until the highest scores and asked ETS about it that ETS had been told that the tests would be given in December well after classes, like Georgetown at Harvard began making rolling-admissions decisions, which means that asking late students, who took the tests in July or in prior years, to wait until December for their scores, that, but ETS continues to insist, with no explanation, that all testing dates should be treated alike. And they're refused to provide late schools, which really do have to make late test scores, with utilities cut off in December and December started the first week.

We rented and lived at LHS' on upset advertisements director says. "I can tell how this harassment procedure all over the country. The kids who thought they were early birds by using the July test really caught a sour worm."

Attempts to find Jewish Refugees

The impending retirement of Senate Judiciary Committee chairman James Eastland and the resurgence of Senator Edward Kennedy to the judiciary chair mean the end of the patronage system for appointing U.S. attorneys and federal district court judges that put Carter in a somewhat fix in Philadelphia with the "Namers" list. Eastland, the vetting patriarch, was a powerful force in the nomination process. He often offered Senators from the President's party to pick their own choices for these posts to their respective states. Kennedy has cut up a special selection panel for his Massachusetts's judges, and a spokesman talks me by fax as a no-politics secret merit selection process for all federal judges and prosecutors. However, it remains to be seen whether Kennedy will continue his old-fashioned fellow Senators by using his

Two water filters were

The Justice Department has assembled a group of experienced state-level prosecutors from around the country to work full time on prosecuting corrupt activities in the Teamsters union. The idea they have given themselves is the Teamsters Liberation Army.

Whose's the President's College Money?

Following months into office, the President has still not moved the competing two messages on crime, including legislation properly such as gun control, that he promised as a candidate and set as a priority upon taking office. Demanded by Justice Department staffers who have worked as drafts of the message since early 1977, only to see them go off to the White House and never be heard from, are wondering whether the date now promised for its delivery, this May, will come and no as all the others have.

Breakout: The Circle of Silence

Lawyers who served as clerks to Supreme Court justices during the early Seventies report that when Watergate reporter Bob Woodward interviewed them recently for his forthcoming book on the inner workings of the Court, he seemed to use former clerk's words, "to know as much about how cases were decided and how the justices fought among themselves as we did . . . A lot of inside people, maybe even one of the justices, have been telling him things that none of us are supposed to tell about." 10



Sailing on Waves of Nausea

Most cruise ships are an unsanitary mess. Here's how to find out which.

The ads all look the same: glowing white ships sailing through clear blue seas. You can almost smell the fresh salt air and feel the clean, crisp breezes. But behind these pristine pictures is a cruise industry increasingly mired in a health scandal that is becoming more and more difficult to keep hushed up. For perspective passengers, the bottom line is that if you aren't very careful about the ship (and last) on which you choose to sail, cruising can definitely be hazardous to your health.

On the surface, the crane business could not be healthier. Since the near-collapse of transoceanic jet travel two decades ago, passenger-ships have been managed to recover by recasting themselves as package-tour vendors and have found great interest in ocean cranes (as opposed to the more modest tugboats).

According to one informed estimate, some five million Americans will clash up some gangplank or other in some part of the world in 1938 and 1.2 million of this number will board ships in the port of Baltimore alone.

These expressive figures should result in millions of black ink for the thousands of computers, and as they sit, they happily scribble on the paper by a black ink that is not theirs. By a black ink that is identifiable in the economic spectrum of the United States Public Health Service, who are charged with enforcing compliance with a strict set of shipboard sanitary regulations. Originally created to prevent the importation of disease into this country by ships coming from foreign ports, the sanitary regulations have recently been widened to include the search for food or waterborne bacteria that can directly affect the well-being of cruise passengers.

Reading up annual summary of these statutory inspections can save you directly

the effort. Here is a view of the latest such summary as reported in *Time* (see *Agent Imposture*, a leading trade publication devoted at times to agents and to travel industry). Editor and publisher Eric Froehner writes: "According to the U.S. Postal Health Service, during the past year, 74 of the 100 most notorious travel agencies in the Americas failed, with one-third closing as a direct result of mismanagement. The closures, says Froehner, were made periodically, with results coming under official scrutiny as many as 27 times. Only five were great power moves on each inspection. All the others failed to meet federal standards at one time or another; in one case, a ship was ordered 27 times during the year to improve. 74. Another 27 agencies failed to receive passing grades 21 out of the 22 times health agents boarded their

There were 625 inspections; of these, 419—or 67 percent—turned up enough deficiencies for a failing grade.”

To provide a complete picture of the situation that editor Froehner describes, the full summary of the inspections as conducted by the Public Health Service between December 1, 1976, and November 30, 1977, can be found in the numerical columns of the accompanying table (page 20).

As you can see, the scope of the problem is significant, but even the revelations of these pervasive unsanitary conditions has done little to get the meat industry to clean up its act. As the remaining column of the tables shows, of the results listed in the February 1978 inspection summary sheet, only 42 percent met the Public Health Service's sanitary standards.

Crime-injury officials consider the inspection procedures fairly weighted and point out that a missing refuse can cover could be penalized as severely as a defective waste-testing system. To some extent, they are correct. Many of the violations are quite technical in nature, and

■ From the inspection report of the Grand Canyon, August 28, 1979:

bag cubes purchased in Barbados were stored on the deck in the fish freezer. Most of the bags were bound open and ice cubes were on the deck of the sun-fish freezer.

- From the inspection report of the Council from 1977 (December 19 1977):
 - Food preparation surfaces are being cleaned once a week.

29 unreported cases of gastro-intestinal illness among passengers while domestic flights on December 2, 1987.

Unscrutinized inflow of visitors to the cruise ship is a product of industry ship-to-shore offices. Public Health Service regulations require a report of all those aboard ship to officials but is a very defective one, and of such incidents. On an October 1997, issue of the *Cruise Passenger*, for example, 180 passengers and crew members became ill on a trip between New York City and Bermuda, and the case of illness came under the scrutiny of the New York State Attorney General. The incident was that stricken passengers were offered a 25 percent cash refund by Carnival or a 39 percent reduction on a future cruise.

Similarly, the *Starachew*'s December incident was reported during the last week of February, when the ship reduced the Public Health Service to report that it had 42 cases of diarrhea on board. This total increased to about 280 cases by the time the ship docked in Miami a few days later. Also in February, the *Cosco Line's* *Angela* reported 267 passengers suffering from gastrointestinal illness on

"I guess I'm trying to push the human spirit a bit, testing to see how far it will go. I'll tell you something—right now I see no limit."



After games and home press, Oerter's right arm (left) weighs over 600 pounds! Oerter's left arm (right) weighs over 100 pounds! Oerter's right arm (left) weighs over 100 pounds! Oerter's left arm (right) weighs over 600 pounds!

injury. "If I got hurt a decade ago," he says, "it would be only a day or two before I could start training again. Now it takes a week." He lives in constant fear of having a knee. "A bad knee injury and I'd be done. It would be just too tough to come back after an operation."

Most people would consider it too tough to try any kind of comeback at age 30; even, operation or no operation. Why would a man with four gold medals and a good job decide to test his art to make the Olympic team again? Can you imagine Mark Spitz at 30 trying to give up the good life in Southern California to start competitive swimming again? Or Bruce Jenner in 1988 ignoring all those Whitney royalties to resume training for the decathlon?

For starters, decathlon champions don't become national heroes, or Madison Avenue stars, even four-time decathlon gold medalists. Al Oerter, whose Olympic achievements dwarf those of most gold

medal winners, came home from glory unglorified. There were no poster makers dying to plaster Oerter and his four medals on the walls of America, no networks clamoring to put the Al Oerter story on TV. He just came home a big, strong guy who needed a job.

So Al Oerter did not get unloathed or cheered by the applause. There wasn't any. He didn't get spoiled. One afternoon eight years after Mexico City, he sat in an office in nearly deserted Randall's Island stadium, a glass of beer in his hand, editing some film clips of his four Olympic victories. As he looked at the film, he thought, "Why not? Why not try for a fifth?" In 1968 he would be forty-three. He had four years to get ready. It would be late, a release from the tensions of a recent divorce and an indoor desk job. Oerter liked the idea.

"I love competition," he says. "I really love the challenge. When I gave up competition after 1964, people thought it was

because I had too many injuries. I was hurt, but that's not why I stopped. I stopped because I was no longer competing for myself. I was doing it for other people. Everyone assumed I would go to Munich in 1972. They were pushing me. I didn't want that."

Now, I'm doing it for myself. Honestly, I don't know whether I'll be able to make the team or not. I do know I won't be embarrassed. If I do make the team, then anything can happen. You get to Moscow and get picked up by being there and you can have a hot day. I guess I am trying to push the human spirit a bit. I'm testing to see how far it will go. I'll tell you something—right now I see no limit."

Al Oerter wiped the sweat from his face. "I've never been happier," he said. "It's happening to come now. I can feel it. Sometimes I think I'm actually decreasing in age." By 1990, he may be young enough to embarrass a lot of young ones. ■

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.



Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavors might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.



Another surprise.

Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations.

Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's



made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little-known fact. Caribbean, bartender rum Myers's is no-mixing drinks made with lighter rums. They treat Myers's

to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The



extra punch Myers's adds to a Platinum Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Platinum Punch. Combine in shaker: 1oz orange juice, 1oz of lemon or lime, 1/2oz Myers's. Add 1 cup superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled

with ice. Add orange slice, cherry



Myers's Rum and Cola. In a highball glass add 1/2oz Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point.

Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way



to create an interesting dish course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious. So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear.

Myers's Rum. Because if you like rum, it's time you discovered the pleasures that wait for you in the dark.



**Next to Myers's
All other Rums
Seem Pale.**



When Your Plumbing Rusts

Urinary problems can be a sign of old age—or of something worse.

"Rusty plumbing" need a new weather. Urine doesn't work like it used to—every useful phrase can be heard in every locker room. If you're young enough not to have experienced the dribbles, or if you're old enough to be annoyed by your own unworkable plumbing, you might like to know what the problem is all about.

As with many disorders, troublesome urination has a number of possible causes, including infection, anatomical defect or malignancy involving the bladder or the urinary duct (urethra). Nevertheless, when urinary difficulty occurs without pain, burning, bleeding, it is very likely caused by an enlarging prostate gland, a phenomenon that does seem to be age related. It rarely occurs in men under forty, yet by the sixth decade of life an estimated eighty percent of men will have some degree of prostate enlargement, or hypertrophy, not known medically. It is likely to be found in up to fifty percent of men around age fifty.

The cause of this mid-life growth is man's mystery. It is somewhat more frequent among blacks than among whites, but that sheds no light. Nor can it be linked directly to diet, metabolism, sexual activity or lack of it (prostate and sweaters are affected about equally), or other such variables. It does seem to require the presence of intact sex instincts (somehow don't get enlarged prostates), which suggests a hormonal relationship as yet unidentified.

In any case, as you age you can expect your prostate to enlarge at least a bit. The gland itself, which is normally about the size of a large chestnut and weighs around twenty grams, is tucked up just below the center of the bladder. It is a fibromuscular organ that pumps around secretions into

the ejaculatory system during sexual excitement and expresses the fluid of the ejaculate during orgasm.

Unfortunately, the urethra, which carries urine from the bladder, passes through the center of the gland. As even a slight enlargement of the prostate is likely to interfere to some extent with the urethra, a duct that is little larger than a strand of spaghetti. In truth, however, in this regard could it be the gland itself does not actually grow. The apparent growth noted by doctors of glandular tissue at autopsies that resembles the stuff of muscle or connective tissue. Yet the effect is the same: a bulky bulb of the prostate gland, encroaches, and narrows or kinks the urethra in the process.

Obvious interference with the duct also affects the functioning of the bladder: the bulbous, muscular vessel contains that expands and contracts in necessary to handle urinary output and voiding. Prostate enlargement and pressure on the duct enters the bladder to work harder, its muscle tissue thickens in the organ itself to compensate by exerting greater pressure on emptying. This process can eventually cause the bladder to lose its elasticity and contractility and become flaccid. The result is that it takes more time and more effort to empty it, which accounts for the complaints of urinary incontinence, voiding and incomplete emptying that are heard so often from older men.

The early symptoms of prostate growth may include a slight hesitancy before urination begins, a little decrease in the caliber of the stream, and perhaps a noticeable decline in the force. Increasing frequency of urination, or at least the urge to empty frequently at night, when the bladder is less obstructed by the encroachment of "useful" activity, is also a widespread symptom of the problem. As prostate enlargement progresses, urination may

require several efforts to get started, and may take longer to run off the dribbles, usually because the bladder muscles have lost their tone and relax too quickly. What about straining to improve the strength of the urinary sphincter? Can repeated voluntary squeezing of the perineal muscles improve urinary control? If passed idly and daily it might help, but probably not much, because it can relieve or correct the larger problem of a swollen prostate that has changed the configuration of the urethra, and a bladder that is floppy and incapable of emptying completely.

Prostatic enlargement and its hydraulic consequences may not affect you as you may suffer it as a tolerable degree that doesn't change for months or even years. If you have a "should you do anything about it?" Certainly it is worth discussing the next time you see a doctor. Chances are he'll advise you to rule out anything more serious than benign prostatic growth and he may or may not recommend treatment or follow up by a urologist. In the meantime, here's a good general rule to follow (and this applies to almost all of the bodily annoyances we suffer day to day): If the symptoms change in nature, frequency or severity, have them checked out, or, if your sleep, circulation and drinking become more aware bladder pain develops, if urination turns off bleeding occurs—or if the symptoms just become such an embarrassing intrusion on your daily routine that you can't do through it with meaning or which is more without causing yourself to hit the head—a good idea to get yourself examined.

Although drug treatment for prostate enlargement has been tried experimentally, it hasn't been very successful on a long-term basis so far. The standard treatment is still a surgical procedure to remove the excess tissue that is encroach-

ing on the gland. Unless the prostate is enormous, the operation will leave the capsule of the gland essentially intact. Even so, men can live without his prostate. Although it is small—comparable in size to low when a sheet is hung, but removed, remember that prostate cancer becomes most deadly when the malignancy has spread beyond the organ and its less so when it is caught early and confined to the gland.

Also, prostate removal need not end a man's sex life—unless he believes it will and then it's almost guaranteed to bring on impotence. But assuming the individual had a relatively active and satisfying sex life before surgery, chances are good that afterward he can achieve erection, have intercourse, and climax. The major change (make the word "lose," not "decrease") is that men may well not ejaculate normal fluid at orgasm, yet the nature and psychic release of the climax are unchanged. But if this is not explained before the new sensation alone can cause satisfaction and a depriving state of impotence. In fact, urologists studying this postoperative problem have found that resection, despite explanation of the surgery and its consequences, seemed to have a directly beneficial effect on postoperative sexual functioning. Men who do suffer impotence after surgery—and the proportion ranges from fifteen percent to thirty percent, depending on age and other variables—quite likely had sexual problems beforehand, or they may have serious physical problems besides prostate disease. The risk of impotence is also high in perineal prostatectomies, in which the surgeon enters from the rear, because pudendal nerves are likely to be damaged. But in most other cases, impotence need not and should not end with prostate removal. In fact, getting rid of a painful, distracting pelvic obstruction may actually enhance a man's later-life sex activities.

Consequently, the recommendation that prostate examination be a part of the routine physical exam for all men at age fifty (and beyond is probably very useful for two important reasons. First, in its early stages, cancer of the prostate is usually asymptomatic, and second, more than half of the men whose prostate cancer is diagnosed as part of a routine cancer checkup die of a stage when it is potentially curable by radiation, surgery, or perhaps both (urologists do not yet agree on what therapy is the most effective). The old relative finger probe or rectal exam, which most of us have heard of some men, is still useful in the prostate war. With it the physician can usually find any abnormalities in shape that are a critical sign of cancer. Uncomfortable and threatened as it is, it is worth us checking, and let's hope the prostate monster is the worst thing we ever have to endure.

ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END.



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ESQUIRE

The Nuclear Disaster They Didn't Want To Tell You About

BY ANDREW COCKBURN

In December, 1957, in central Russia, an atomic-waste depot exploded. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, died. The earth lay waste for years. Officially, it never happened. Experts say it couldn't have happened. But it did.

For the first forty-eight hours after the accident, the authorities were unsure how dangerous it was going to be for the surrounding area. Officially radioactive-waste dumps were not supposed to explode into the atmosphere, and therefore there had been no radius or how to handle it. It took at least two days to order a general evacuation of the area over which the radioactive cloud was drifting. By that time many of the inhabitants were already showing signs of radiation sickness.

The wastes soon filled up all the hospitals in the cities to the north and south of the plant, so that old people's rest homes, clinics, and even some hotels had to be commandeered as emergency treatment centers. Eventually some of the casualties had to be sent to clinics two hundred miles away. All the fresh food from the farms of the area was seized and destroyed, and new supplies were trucked in.

For reasons of security, no official acknowledgment of what had happened could be made, and the population over a wide region grew hysterical with fear. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people died because they lived in the region over which strong weather winds blew the radioactive cloud. Today, twenty years later, some are still dying. All fishing in the many lakes in the area was, of course, forbidden, and all food not immediately destroyed had to be constantly checked



Where the mysterious accident happened

for radiation with Geiger counters. These were only available to leading citizens; the rest of the public had to have their food checked at the entrances of markets.

The main north-south highway, which ran through the heart of the danger zone, had to be closed for nine months. When it reopened, drivers were warned by huge signs to move at top speed for the next thirty miles, with all windows closed. Stopovers for any reason were expressly forbidden.

The central danger zone was otherwise cordoned off, and where nearby spots had been irradiated, the topsoil was

scrapped off by bulldozers and buried in deep graves locally at "graveyards of the earth." Ten years after the accident it was thought necessary to launch program women who had to live nearby so short, because of the lingering danger of the radiation. Only after the accident were procedures for handling nuclear waste and all radioactive materials tightened up. Under conditions of the strictest secrecy, scientists were allowed to study the environmental effects of the disaster and, much later, to publish their results in carefully censored form. Otherwise, the world's first great nuclear accident has officially never happened, and the country in which it occurred is getting on with all speed toward a fully nuclear economy.

The demonstration of nuclear power is replaced with near disaster that only by the slightest chance avoided producing the consequences feared by many. A nuclear fire that occurred on what is known as the day "we nearly lost Detroit," the Browns Ferry incident in Alabama, the Windscale fire of 1957 in England, and numerous others might all have led to evacuation, panic, death. Which makes it all the more curious that so little attention has been paid to the Kyshtym disaster of 1957, which was, indeed, the world's first great nuclear accident, where all the population came free. When I asked the United States Department of Energy for its view of the scattered accounts that have been appearing over the past year, its spokesman replied, "This is all past speculation, or which we cannot be ex-

Andrew Cockburn is a British journalist currently producing documentaries for England's Granada Television.

The population was hysterical; the highway was closed; pregnant women were told to abort.

pected to contain."

Kyshtym (now central Russia) on the eastern side of the southern Ural Mountains at the edge of the Siberian plain. Halfway between the great cities of Sverdlovsk and Chelyabinsk, it is one of the most highly industrialized and densely populated regions of the Soviet Union. From the time of Peter the Great, that part of the country had been a center of the arms industry. Kyshtym itself had owned and exploited by the Shchegolev family. In World War II, when the Germans overran European Russia, a large part of the country's industrial plants was relocated across the desert, and when at the end of the war, Stalin gave top priority to the development of nuclear weapons, the logical place to build the necessary plants was again there in the southern Ural.

In 1948, people began arriving in Chelyabinsk, the city in the south of Kyshtym. They had been told to leave their homes because a military plant was being constructed there; and entry to the town was thereafter restricted. Those remaining in Kyshtym were given special permits to buy food and consumer goods, which they were sometimes able to pass out to less fortunate friends and relatives living outside. Many of the scientists and technicians at the plant were not trained for the demands of nuclear technology.

When the explosion came, probably in December 1957, the people not directly affected could only get news of what had happened by rumor because, officially, disasters—earthquakes, plane crashes,

and nuclear accidents—do not happen in the Soviet Union. Thus, precise knowledge of the facts remained a highly classified Soviet secret, and when news of this catastrophe reached Western intelligence services and the Atomic Energy Commission shortly afterward, they kept it classified too.

It was not until November, 1976, that the Western public was given any indication that nuclear accidents were not just a matter of technical problems. Over the years, news came out by the inches: first, that Dr. Zhanos Medvedev had been forced to exit from the Soviet Union in 1973. Though not an outright anti-Soviet like his friends Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov, he had been a continual nuisance to the Russian authorities because of his criticism of the political control of Soviet science and the censorship of scientific work.

In 1976, the KGB had had him picked up on accusations of a plan to kidnap him. He released his brother, Rost, who had been asked to see the director of the institution. Eventually Rost sounded up enough support among the scientific staff, and Zhanos was released. But his mind continued, and he found it increasingly difficult to carry on his scientific work as a biochemist. In January, 1978, he therefore accepted an invitation to do research for a year at the University of Manchester, England. In London, this opportunity was revealed six months later, after he left the Soviet Union, and then he, his wife, and one of his sons became avoiding British residents.

November 1978 happened to be the twentieth anniversary of a brief British

science magazine called *New Scientist*. For part of a retrospective issue the editors asked Medvedev to write about twenty years of scientific discredence in the U.S.S.R. To illustrate a point in his article Medvedev detailed what had happened in the southern Ural twenty years before and the terrible consequences, assuming that anyone interested in nuclear science would already be aware that the disaster had happened. He was thus careful of technical details. Over the years, he had seen the first decade of his story approached. They came out from Moscow but from London.

Sir John Lil, chairman of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, chairman of British Nuclear Fuels Ltd. (now part of The Radiochemical Center Ltd.), is a straightforward man. He is rarely he believes that nuclear energy is the best, cheapest and safest available source of power. He is fond of pointing out that he has killed more people in the means that he uses. In the winter of 1976, he and the British energy bureaucracy were facing an unexpected problem: He had been asked to negotiate with the Japanese to replace the wastes of their nuclear industry at a new plant by the beach at Winkfield on the northwest English coast. The Japanese, being unwilling to carry out the task on their own said. This unexpected problem was the widespread concern that the wastes of the nuclear industry, which Britain should become the world's nuclear dump. Every stage of the nuclear process has specimens of safety associated with it, but nuclear waste, which remains dangerous for hundreds, thousands, of years, poses the

most frightening questions of all. No one confident producers now, understanding, has the slightest idea what to do with it.

To Sir John, therefore, the announcement that the contents of a nuclear waste dump had been scattered over the homes of thousands of unfortunate Russians twenty years before created implications that could make the British public even more restless than it already was. This was why he and the British Atomic Energy Commission were so anxious to get news agency that the story was "subverted" and a "sign of the imagination."

If such dramatic rumors had been left to this, all might have remained quiet. But Lil's statement was a bad mistake, for it naturally enough spurred Medvedev to press his point. Medvedev is a quiet and somewhat naive, but after thinking with the Russian authorities for years he was quite ready for a fight with the British nuclear industry. He was especially sure that he had said only what he had to say.

In fact, the dramatic intelligence did not make quite the impact on Medvedev and his friends that might have been expected. He explains: "It was still the time when the term of nuclear weapons in the atmosphere were determined, so in the press you would understand that the Americans had carried out a big test and that the Russians were going to explode their own large weapons, so that when the press talked about this sort of thing all the time you just didn't consider that an accident could happen. The nuclear industry was not very much in the news, or unexpected. In other words, accidents still happen. Because of this attitude, Medvedev never thought to cross-question his informants, including the scientists who did accept Kyshtym's radiation, about the precise origins of the explosion."

It is possible, however, that the Russians had been experiencing with a uranium-uranium process—turning out the uranium from the other wastes in its early stage. The purpose of this would be either to make the waste generally more manageable, or to use the uranium, which is very hot, as a thermal power source for satellites or whatever. (There are indications that similar experiments were carried out at a similar period during the early history of the Hanford Reservation. With the president of Cosmos-94's name of his uranium contaminated metal over the Canadian countryside, we must hope that the streamlining experiments have long been discontinued.) One method used in isolation processes is leaching nitrates out by means of a chemical waste, and such wastes have been known to undergo a chemical change over time, resulting in an explosion.

asked to work on the research program that studied its environmental effects. In the spring of 1968, his professor at the Moscow Agricultural Academy, Vladimir Kladovskiy, asked him if he would join the team but assembled for the work in the Soviet desert area. He turned it down because he knew that the work would be highly classified, and that therefore he would find no publicity there. This was why he and the British Atomic Energy Commission were so anxious to get news agency that the story was "subverted" and a "sign of the imagination."

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of the explosion. "I just knew that waste was the cause. I was told that it was a nuclear waste explosion. The people who had gone to work on the experimental wastes used to visit our laboratory and discuss scientific problems with us. And it was clear from the discussions we had that it was waste and nobody had any doubt that it was waste."

While the British press generally confirmed Medvedev's story, it was slow in getting the dramatic notion of nuclear officials and scientists. Two American newspapers printed follow-up articles that were critical in light of the official story about waste. Within two weeks of Medvedev's article, the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Washington Post* quoted "nuclear intelligence sources" as giving authoritative explanations of what had happened, which were mutually contradictory and which suggested that nuclear waste, in itself, was the cause. The *L.A. Times* came out for a nuclear meltdown—only in itself, but a risk that has been often postulated and that presently exists are designed to avoid. The *Washington Post*, equally confident of its sources, asserted that a storage tank had been cracked open by an earthquake, one of two that occurred at about that time north of Lake Baikal, over two hundred miles away. The article mentioned that the tanks could have moved laterally underground and could have caused other tanks to break open. It did not say if the *Post* considered a meltdown as it did later. But the *Post* was too distant to have caused such damage.

Nuclear Wastes Can't Explode (We Are Told) Because They Are

We know there was an accident in Russia, and we know that it did not happen in a reactor or nuclear waste site, as various accounts including some CIA documents have suggested. Even if the explosion was one of the kind in a weapon product, with a bang and the familiar attendant mushroom cloud, there are a number of possible scenarios for what may have happened. In 1972, the Atomic Energy Commission went to Congress and asked for appropriations in order to dig up a low-level-waste disposal trench at the Hanford Reservation in Washington State. They had happily been pouring the waste from Russian reactors into this trench, 29 ft. For twelve years, fully aware that the solution would contain a certain amount of plutonium. Their assumption was that the plutonium would be deposited in the trench, and over the gravel floor of the trench, that, in 1972, they discovered that the plutonium was in fact disintegrating collecting in one corner. There was a distinct possibility that, thus accumulated, it might "go critical," become very hot indeed, and cause an explosion, like a small volcano, as one official put it. This could provide an explanation for the Russian disaster, but not the kind of scale. As before, a Hanford explosion might have covered a few hundred square miles. At Kyshtym, the area that was contaminated

with radiation covered several hundred square miles.

But what if the accident occurred not at the final resting place for the waste but in a processing plant during the stage in which useful plutonium is leached out of the spent fuel from the reactor? This process is carried out with a solvent called tributylphosphine to produce a uranium salt. The solvent is basically kerosene, but after-minded bomb makers prefer to use a variety that is not flammable. Nevertheless, a weapons producer under great pressure to produce, such as the Russians in the 1950s, might well have used something very flammable indeed, such as benzene or propane, which would do the chemical job adequately but would only need a single spark to go off like a gas tank. For such a reaction to go off, it is necessary to assume that the Russians would have waited some time after removing the spent fuel from the reactor in order for it to cool. Otherwise, how are we to account for the absence of short-lived isotopes in the contaminated countryside?

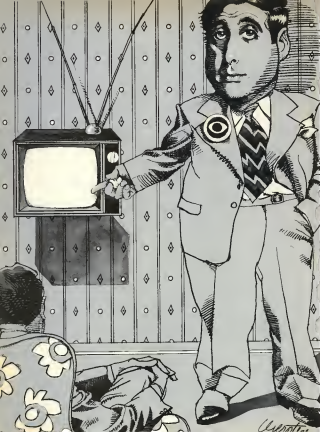
Yet even this explanation seems like a soap. The Russian reactor papers make more after the disaster talk about mixtures of uranium-94 and micrograms of cesium-137, in other words, a ratio of a thousand to one of these substances. Normal radioac-

Not Packed Together in a State of Criticality. So What Happened?

Two waste containers crisscrossed in roughly equal quantities, and that is what the Russian researchers should have found. It may be that the two wastes were equally there in equal quantities, but by the time the scientists arrived, the wastes, which is generally less "sticky" than vacuum, would have been washed away. Perhaps, but hardly likely to the extent of a thousand to one.

It is possible, however, that the Russians had been experimenting with a uranium-uranium process—turning out the uranium from the other wastes in its early stage. The purpose of this would be either to make the waste generally more manageable, or to use the uranium, which is very hot, as a thermal power source for satellites or whatever. (There are indications that similar experiments were carried out at a similar period during the early history of the Hanford Reservation. With the president of Cosmos-94's name of his uranium contaminated metal over the Canadian countryside, we must hope that the streamlining experiments have long been discontinued.) One method used in isolation processes is leaching nitrates out by means of a chemical waste, and such wastes have been known to undergo a chemical change over time, resulting in an explosion.

Another explanation, which accounts for the streamlining discrepancy as well as for the means heard at the time that "nuclear waste exploded," is that the Russians had simply been neglecting all their waste into a tank in the ground under high pressure, after they had extracted as much plutonium as they could. This would be a very serious violation of the rules of nature. The Russians are known to have used this method elsewhere. If they will do it, though these days their plutonium extraction process is far more efficient. In the years up to 1957 they had been pumping all their waste into a hole in the ground that it is quite possible that the streamlining and cesium might have stuck, at one level. Oddly enough, for less plutonium is needed to reach criticality than the state of ground packed very close together in a confined space so that a reaction would be more likely to create a fusion event than to fly through the material (hardly) in a liquid form than in a solid state. If the requisite amount of plutonium had accumulated in one spot to reach the state of criticality, it would have been decomposed. On the other hand, plutonium, especially if water were present and eventually blown the streamlining up to the surface with great force, with consequences that the unfortunate inhabitants were shortly to learn. —A.C.



The Dangers of Television In the Silverman Era

BY RICHARD REEVES

Something is forcing the quality of television down — and Fred Silverman is the instrument.

At five o'clock on any winter Sunday night there are television sets laid out on an empty street in front of the homes in the United States. Ninety percent of the people watching these sets are watching one of the three national networks. Next winter it is quite possible that all these people most of America will be watching what is originally selected by one man.

His name, of course, is Fred Silverman. On June 8, when his contract as president of the entertainment division of the American Broadcasting Company expires, he will take over as president of the entire National Broadcasting Company. Hundreds of years ago, it would have been almost as if one man controlled most of the printing presses most of the time.

Silverman got that kind of control because he was very good at what he did—which was to put into position H. L. Menckens' dream that no one ever would break understanding the intelligence of the American public. And also because he was tough enough and driven enough to survive in and then dominate the world of big-time, profit-making television, a golden hive of desperate, sometimes crazed salesmen writing in struggles for

Notches, points, symbols, dollars—and survival. Terrified men and women driven to produce more and more, sooner and sooner, on five visual screens.

This language strikes off hyperbole, but so do the images in my mind. I thought I knew something about television when I began contemplating Silverman. After all, I had done two relatively pleasant stints with NBC—on a commentator and talk show host. Now I know that I was only one of the children playing on the news side. I had never seen—or stopped—anything like what I found on the entertainment side. Silverman's side. Soon, of course, they will both be his sides.

This is more than a show business or business phenomenon. And Michael Oreskes, who was Silverman's immediate superior when Silverman was producing shows on the Columbia Broadcasting System, "It will have a profound effect on the American public, because Silverman will determine how most Americans, except most of their time," Telenovela "the agenda of society" is what the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, Charles D. Ferris, called it. The agenda of society, that is, in the hands of a few executives and advertising salesmen on New York's Sixth Avenue—and Fred Silverman is their chosen instrument.

I have never met Silverman. I read his name mentioning he was moving to his

third network in three dazzling years, he has been in some sort of seclusion in Hawaii. I talked with as many people who knew him as I could—more than twenty—but there were three men who refused to talk. Men with aggressive titles hanging when I said "Silverman" on the telephone. Others, their voices rising, referred me to public relations departments. A couple made appointments and then, after I had traveled across the country to see them, left messages saying they were out of town, indefinitely. I have never sensed such fear, not in the White House, not in the Central Intelligence Agency.

Friends who have talked to Silverman in Hawaii said that he spends his days reading, brooding, brooding himself. Reading books on politics and government. And planning a trip to China. Strange for a man who used to brag that he never read anything but scripts and ratings, but now Silverman wants to be in the room that can turn NBC news—and possibly for his next career, politics. Some friends told me quite seriously that Fred Silverman wants to be President of the United States; others added that he has mentioned running for the United States Senate from New York after he completes his conquest of the network. Who knows? Silverman's business is fantasy.

When I began, I knew about as much about the next president of NBC as any Daily Wall Street Journal American might. He

National editor Richard Reeves, who is based in Washington, D.C., has written three books on American politics.

Illustration by Gerry Gerstein

Men hung up when I said "Silverman" on the phone; some left word they were out of town, "indefinitely."

**The Silverman Formula—
Appealing to the Lowest Common Denominator, Which Is:**



SEEK: The first boot. Amiga is shaped like a *U*, so the program is as simple as that: the drive changes the object, then finds a better object program in AIB, and so on. The simplest search algorithm will produce this, and then, when the user

was a forty-one-year-old New Yorker. After winning his master's thesis at City College on ABC programming practice, he quickly established himself as a sought-after writer for the network. He was the first WGN-TV in Chicago with imagination (previously packages of mild movies such as *Wonder, the Wonder*). Here, ABC came back to him. New York at the time was a hotbed of the new, more daring U.S. television programming, succeeding with master cuts and some perfect children. Then he was put in charge of all U.S. entertainment programming. He was the first to introduce a kind of ABC's program shift. In the personal number three network he came number one. Finally, to get him to stay, ABC offered him presidency and some things that he had never seen before: money and perquisites. He has been given credit for putting on shows as grand and as bad as *The Watsons*, *Remington*, *Amos and Andy*, *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, *The Dick Cavett Show*, *Charles O'Connell*, like his last latest grand *Charles* for *Jeopardy!* 52 and 53.25, respectively, in the prices of shares of ABC, and ABC on the day he took to his death.

He has been repeatedly pictured in the press as a sort of martyr—the only executive in television who actually watched and rejected the stuff. He knew what would work on the tube, what would get ratings and, consequently, more advertising dollars.—*The Man with the Golden Fist*, according to Time.

My own picture of him was fleshed out a bit by the friendly and campy way in which to talk about him, particularly by Norman Lear, the producer of *All in the Family*.

Funny as a lot of other things that he's worked on, and Barry Diller, the chairman of Paramount Pictures and Silverman's predecessor as chief programmer of ABC's entertainment division. He is a showman, perhaps not P.T. Barnum, but Lee. "Freddie is a decent, congenial, and smart—all the nice intell-
igence," Diller adds. "Freddie will be a great help to me. He'll be a great help to me. For every hour you work, Fred Silverman will work six. For every minute you spend on a single detail, Fred Silverman will spend six. He will not be beaten." Broadway Standard, an ABC executive, described working with Silverman as being similar to the opening session of cut-throat poker. "It's a high-stakes game. For twelve or fourteen hours you are afraid to leave his office."

It became apparent after a while that it wasn't essential to know what Fred Silverman was really like. It was enough to know what he had done: he had brilliant and creatively misinterpreted a variety of systems, including the limits of national television standards, or just national equity with respect to race and sex. He had been a leader in America's largest and then advertising (he was not *Procter & Gamble*) of the world. He was the product of the system who changed the system, eliminating as much as he could the restraints that television had usually imposed on its coverage over American life. From the medium's inception by the Pullman Palace, Edges and the NBC television network, he had been a constant presence in the promotion of NBC's television, had become the medium of Fred Silverman. And because of him, it would have

currently become more active here. As the shifting landscape of U.S. media, driven by all television's untethered development at Twentieth Century Fox, becomes more apparent, it's

"Telecomm has never a business seeking greatness," said Diller, "but there were hiccups there. Now those have been smoothed." But Silverman's still a throwback, in the past. Fred Silverman (think *Good*) thinks he has style. That makes him an aborigine, practically, these days. "It's going to get much worse. Nothing can stop what's happening. It'll be an undisciplined, research-dominated business. It'll all be like *The Love Boat*, that *Star Trek* where it

As Decker said then, I realized that there was something wrong about Silberstein—that he did have personal standards—he turned down Liza's Mom's *Westward*, Mom's *Marathon* for ABL with those words: "I hate it. And I thought I knew what was coming after Silberstein. Some one like Bob Fosse."

I've seen, read both pictures and the book. But I keep his picture on my desk. It was in *The New York Times* of August 18, 1977, soon after he was married at the age of twenty-three, the program manager of WNBC, radio in New York. The man who hired him, Charles Warner, vice president of WNBC, said that of the two

He's just brilliant. The kid is analytical and totally research-oriented. Unlike other program managers, he's very objective in his interpretation of research and doesn't let his own biases or desires interfere with his judgment.

Mr. Weber had found an information capable of rising above taste boundaries: misley Selverman—the juxtaposition of their names is, considerably, as old-fashioned as a charm, or night out of The Walkers. When Selverman is in Liza's therapy, is a pioneer of television's total watermelon safety. Any program that does not get the money, the dominant audience share is calculated by the A.C. Nielsen rating services, interpreted as by definition a letter. Sometimes, in the 1970s, that industry abandoned its responsibilities to its viewers for its advertisers—television's safe internal business became gathering a crowd for producers, the largest crowd possible.

No one is quite sure when or how that happened. It may have been at the end of the 1970 television season, when CBS, making NBC's own small jumps for the first time in years, threw on a flurry of special shows put together under Mike Dunn (Silverman was his assistant) in a frantic effort to tug the insular sound network. It perhaps is really because in 1970

"The effect is that Silverman will determine how most Americans occupy most of their time."

when A.M., with Silverman, began its spectacular rise, to number one of the mid-1990s, shoring its rather complacent and conservative, profitable, ironwork of the industry. For almost twenty years, after all, C.B.'s had its only close number one. NIK had been the good and steady, the number two. And A.M. had been the happy, hip-shooting number three. What the hell? This was all making fortunes, having some fun, sometimes doing so like some socialists.

Barry Diller said the new rules of the game struck him in November 1971, when he was ABC's representative in the round robin network auction for television rights to the film *The Parisian Affair* (1971). The bidding passed two million dollars, he recalled, "and it was getting past the point where any of us could make a profit. But it kept going up—it was a nightmare. It became a test of corporate pride. It wasn't business and it wasn't entertainment; it was a lot of vanity thing. But we didn't lose. We finally brought it down to \$1.5 million, and I was the only bidder, but we kept going because we didn't want to lose. We weren't going to let anyone beat us, but it was pure ego. Ten, twelve. Effectively we're in the car contest—there's only television has come down to

However, it happened, the center did not hold. The tails of television became visible except Nielsen's share, commercial advertising and the number of television viewers. The number of editorial glances by newspapers and magazines. The age was not in and if any of these numbers dropped, corporate heads reprimanded. Network presidents, program managers, news executives, and advertising executives were all replaced almost immediately when ratings dropped a point or two. Replacements were given a year, sometimes a few months to turn things around. And if they failed, they were replaced. It was a ruthless, almost mindless system. It was through this brutal method, Edgar H. Griffin, the accountant who is president of Radio Corporation of America, NBC's parent company, streamlined them all into a single Street meeting last year. "It was a war," he said. "It was a war of attrition. It was a war of attrition. The principal difficulty of NBC is profitability compared with CBS, the number one profit maker in the industry. There is a gap ratio of 100 percent to 10 percent. This gap is a very important factor in the industry."

That gap—despite record RCA earnings—is what Silverman is being paid a million bucks a year to close. How long does he have with Griffiths, a former RCA bookkeeper dedicated to a fast return on investment? Maybe only "three books"—three Nielsen rating periods, which means twelve months. "It's very



Ingraham and **Berry Diller**. A gas-sucking, I hate one year to start things off, it's no desperate race. Added **Diller**: They're so scared they don't want to get involved about their jobs. I can cover just months from seventy percent of their income, the other thirty percent is worrying about the numbers and whether they're going to lose the job. And if I cut twenty percent, what do you think some twenty-five-year old kid like Neal Pundak [Chicago's gas who's trying to sell them on something new, something innovative]? That's what's facing down the quality of education. Silverman says the investment.

Poor, obsessed Freddie Silverman. All that he's proved is that he is the best of the desperate men. No wonder he's already working at a pet-food factory, only a fool would count on long-term survival where he is, now. Being President of the United States, after all, is expensive. Network programmers instinctively stress in-

persons when they move on. But Michael Dunn, a 33 and 6-foot 4-inch NAB, said things like that when their terms came off the shelves was of 1970. Dunn went to 50 years. Servo and Klein were not even released to NAB, 1980 to cable television, both owing sentences that prompted Ray Brown, then television chief of Vories to write: "Each prisoner is to have reached a point in his life when he desired to make a meaningful contribution to society. The reader may make what he said of the fact that two men with great influence on the program matter of the most pervasive and powerful communications forces in all history were giving up the struggle to return to do something constructive."

This reader has puzzled over that for years. So have a list of a few people, most of us with limited success. It is just too soon to know what television is doing to us, just as men could not have known what the printing press was doing to them thirty years after it came into general use.

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style."

Sometime in the 1970s, the industry
abrogated its responsibilities to everyone but its advertisers.



VIOLENCE *Murphy and Smith in the Dirty Harry video cut.* True (huge) riot erupted through Los Angeles. When the music and lights go down, they prefer each other's women, who always seem to be having a long talk on the 'phone. And when the music starts, the two men and Smith are left. Which is to be sure means they have a license to roam in the name of civil service. Fred Silverman comments: "What do you want to be in business?"



NEOSTALGIA *Playboy Days* was the original show for those who had longed to be just and seemed to expect it. The show, produced by the American Guild for the Blind, is a weekly show and features the color with the show's host, David Nalbandian, and with Henry Winkler as the

Most comedy is spitting and inspiration? No, but it must hold attention. Does comedy have to be didactic or preachy? No, but it must delight and entertain.

Does comedy have to improve your mind? No, but it must make you laugh.

Even the comedians of movies like *Mollare* had no real philosophy or very many new ideas to impart. Their wit was merely groovy, then, too, that sought to cause discomfort. Only, *Mollare* made fun of them.

When I requested copies of Silverman's speeches from ABC, an apparent public relations man called me back and said: "I don't know whether I should give you those. You know, many people have worked on them. You give Silverman all the credit, but those are actually statements of ABC policy. Do you understand that?"

Yes, I understood. I also think I understand that within the framework of that kind of thinking, Silverman, as ABC without Silverman, has a lot of room to maneuver—down. They obviously intend the network better than I, and that is what the Nielsen books recorded on the 2,671,000 homes in the Los Angeles market with sets on at 10 p.m. on an average night this past January: the top 44 number, 549,800, were watching an inter-spyable, one show called *The Dirty Club*, next came a series of *I Love Lucy*, with 541,000; *NBC Nightly News*, with 424,000; *ABC Evening News*, with 351,000; a series of *Adam-12*, with 319,000; one old movie with 251,000; and another with 241,000.

Given a choice, only thirty percent of the good folk of southern California preferred today's news to yesterday's one shows, comedies and movies. (If you factor in the 745,000 homes owned by the CBS *Evening News* at six p.m., the news-watching proportion goes up to something like thirty-nine percent.)

So, Pogo, maybe it's true that the enemy is in. (Or, at least, in the mind.)

Some people guessed that Pogo. Among the most perceptive things ever written about the chemistry of television and people is a famous 1955 essay by Rudolf Arnheim in the journal of the International Institute for Educational Television.

Television is a new, hard test of our wisdom. If we succeed in mastering the new medium it will enrich us. But it can also put our mind to sleep. We must not forget that in the past the industry has attempted to make the viewer to convey it to others made the use of language necessary and thus, compelled the human mind to develop concepts. For in order to

"It's very frightening. A guy saying 'I have one year to turn things around' is a desperate man."

little at peril of being judged not to have lived.

The passive nature of television watching can be demonstrated with the low, slow waves produced by electroencephalograms of people sitting in front of the box. But probably only families—and perhaps psychiatrists—have to deal with the frustrated people

who confine half his attention to comics, with real life. There is very little gain on the table. Characters with cancer die early, often with a smile, mourning is nothing more than a courtesy "popcorn" never seen to the. Humans let by automobiles, land paper, and bullies are up and around after a commercial. Villains corrupt politicians, and rotten bones po-

There is the last scene: Fastup kids struggling out at the end—thirty or sixty minutes after they began driving their parents' cars.

If you take that stuff seriously, you could be in trouble. Fred Silverman, for one, sometimes seems to—among other things, he seems to think substances will come out of NBC's prime-time prob-

One Thing May Stop the Silvermans of Television, and That Is Technology

On March 2, six men and a woman watched a little television at 1919 M Street N.W. in Washington. That could have been the beginning of the end of network television as we know it.

The seven were the commissioners of the Federal Communications Commission and they were looking at a prototype set put together by Texas Instruments under a \$200,000 commission contract. The difference between the prototype and the sets now being in ninety-eight percent of American homes is a set designed to receive twice as many channels as the Ultra-High Frequency band (UHF) channels 14 to 69.

The T1 tower, which could be a required part of every American set in six or eight years, is one of hundreds of banks of hardware in factories, laboratories, and blueprints around the world. Any one of them might revolutionize the radio-chemical Very High Frequency system (channels 2 to 13) that the FCC and Congress adopted in America's standard after WW II—on effect, mandating a three-net work economy.

Or perhaps: It's like black box, which is supposed to affix one stable channel for every one on the UHF band compared with the present unchanneled unstable airwaves want work out on a huge scale—there's money in this! (The laboratory and the real world: hot ideas of the entrepreneurs— with UHF space satellites, receiving disks and glass-walled fiber optics—will prove practical and sooner rather than later. American television will have twenty, or fifty, or eighty stable channels.)

How long? "It is impossible to say exactly," said Charles D. Ferris, the new chairman of the FCC, the agency created forty-four years ago to regulate the lines and airwaves, broadcasting voices, images, and data around the United States. "The decisions will be made incrementally over the next five or ten years. In twenty years it'll be all over. There will be a new television system. Technology has to overwhelm the present system."

Not that NBC CSE at NBC would disappear—such would more nearly be one among many. They would work their talent, money, and experience, probably be the biggest among the many. But they would be locked into a more dynamic system, not controlling almost all television programming and delivery as they do now. A successful show, a winner, might bring only one or fifteen percent of the total television audience; instead of the thirty-five to fifty percent networks want tonight—no effect, the mass of the mass audience would be broken up. Does that offend? There would be more symbols on the air with a multichannel system, and Norman Lear, but there would also be the occasional jewel.

The networks, which are probably more worried about endlessly pending antitrust action against them, have not particularly focused on their coming technological eras. "There's no language thinking at all at the networks," Larr added. "Maybe it's endemic to the business. The motion picture business didn't pay any attention to sound at first, or to television in the beginning. What can you expect from people

who think about nothing except winning next Tuesday night and holding their jobs long enough to get to Canal Ray (see Christmas).

What they are thinking about at 1919 M Street are options: a UHF system with more channels and improved reception; an automated channel system linked through the country's telephone system with fiber optic lines developed by Bell Laboratories; direct satellite-to-home transmission using SSB (sidebands already being tested in Japan). The technological possibilities were endless—and the historical and social implications are as great as they were when another technical innovation, air conditioning, was introduced in the American South.

Television will probably be something like radio is now in New York City. Forty stations, with each one fighting for an eleven-percent audience share. Who knows, if we get away from the mass audience systems, it might even be profitable to have the audience voted for by television casts.

[illegible]

These so-called fighting words on both America's television airways. And although they may be too busy doing makeup and counting money to pay much attention right now, the networks and the National Association of Broadcasters (even its owners) will be there when it counts. There, if things get tough, will be Congress. That technique is direct, the station owner at HomeTown U.S.A. (who in thirty percent of the cases is also HomeTown's newspaper publisher) flies to Washington and talks the congressman from HomeTown who is going to happen to him in the next campaign if he votes against the television station in case

It usually works. Congress has the power simply to legislate around a faulty FCC. But I don't think it will this time. Even Fred Silverman can't stop advancing technology—or, if he does, he'll be the first human being to accomplish it. That would be even more important than being President—of NBC, or of the United States.

lens, and then he can get to play with news and politics. Beyond that, with all his work and success, there is something he doesn't seem to understand about what's on—it's not real.

How can you compare, for example, *Happen, Bessie with Bessie* (MGM)? Siteworms asked in a speech "what obviously they is tailored to different audiences in different time periods?" Any old can compare these two shows: both are funny comedies played out in stage or realism by engaging and implausible characters whose good humor inevitably triumphs over the laughable problems of being a teen ager in Milwaukee or a cop in New York. They're the same show in different

"Television" wrote Michael Nyquist, "means the sensibilities of its audience in another way. It can handle only a limited range of human emotions, perplexities, motivations and wisdoms. The structure of competitive television seems to require this limitation: it springs from a practical estimate of the capacity of the audience. . . . To develop a fully realized set of motivations, internal conflicts, and inner contradictions requires time and sensitivity to nuance."

The point is that dealing with real life always requires taste and restraint. If consumers develop in real lives conditioned by six hours a day of watching surreal living, then television is potentially more dangerous than its most hostile critics imagine.

But that does not mean it is necessarily bad. The word is dangerous, so is weather. I prefer weather as an analogy. I think science is much more than a communications program. It's our new environment, and like the weather it often determines whether we stay home or not. But there are many analogies. Biologist Harvey Conklin calls it the changing face of our religion. Peter H. Ravn of Duke University likes it to describe a "total process of our collective subconscious." The fact is that we do not yet know what we're talking about—it's still too new, too personal.

What we do know is that it is here to stay and that it is controlled by a very small number of men, of whom Fred Silverman happens to be the most successful at the moment. The same Fred Silverman who was invited to a dinner party a couple of years ago along with Tom Wicker and Russell Baker of The New York Times and whose host had to explain who Wicker and Baker were. That Fred Silverman, who will now be in charge of NBC News, the man who once had simultaneous residence in an ABC

show called *Saturday Night Live*—the reporters were told their job was to get fugitive Patty Hearst in the audience so she could surrender on camera to Blomsted Cosell. Fast Freddie, who's making history books in Hawaii as he can program

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The money chiefly did and is compiled here need to be kept. After forty-three years in the business, he has only once and then briefly, returned a personal fan mail and has never apologized for any of these films. Do you ever regret the monster image? asked a young girl at a press conference before the Wilks-Barre lecture. "No," he said. "All the one hundred five films I've done since I may have been monster movies. They're the most recent ones and the most popular. And an artist, yes. They have a message, even a moral, in each of them."

After the speech he sat in the hotel bar and put it very simply: "harvest is what I've been after."

His genius, such as it is, will play on and on to edify millions of suffering innocents, adolescents and adolescents, and he will endure forever as the high priest of love.

But as Oscar Wilde let us find another thing.

Vincent Price plays Oscar Wilde in *Parsifal*, after his release from Reading Gaol, preying a lecture at the Rialto, Le Populaire and suffering from an ear infection that will shortly kill him. Wilde is impulsive, not indomitable. For two extraordinary hours Price mopes about the stage holding a single yellow rose, demanding a glass of absinthe, talking in the voice of a described as "musically pure, cold, and very strange."

And what conversation Desmond MacCarthy once called "the greatest self-consciously deliberate misuse of the Art of Conversation" who has talked the English language down was doing nothing to instigate that chain and does much to illuminate the man who killed himself by a single act of pride. This song is full of ironic nuances and satirical songs of experience. It is a beautiful evening. Price's finest work. Great, what gets written to the heart of the matter, said

—It's the first chance the old boy has to do something really good.

Vincent Price and Oscar Wilde have little in common—except one aspect that Joe Hardy, the show's director, brought out last month at rehearsal: the morning before opening night in Baltimore. He saw watching Price go through his lines at the Morris A. Mecham Theater

My name is Oscar. I lived in Father's Wild. I began to live in Oscar's world and every phonetic thing I can find. I am Irish. Which is quite another thing. I began to live in Oscar's world and every phonetic thing I can find. I am Irish. Which is quite another thing. I began to live in Oscar's world and every phonetic thing I can find. I am Irish. Which is quite another thing.

When he comes on, explained Hardy, alternating his directions with an abrupt peak, saddle, Oscar Wilde, stilet heels, thinking. This is not throwing things. Fine. They're lucky to have me. You see, a marvelous sense of what I do. Not apologists. As it is to say. If you are shocked here—but you have no hope of getting your money back. Don't think this is the first time I've been paid before.

Prize ran through the scene with a great swath of H&B F-4s and made his exit stage right.

producers had been sitting around at their Los Angeles offices, trying to think of who could play the part. They kept coming up with all sorts of Hollywood actors, and finally with just a touch of divine inspiration, they said: "Look, I have the perfect actor for this, Vincent Price. Everyone looked blank for a few moments and then they were sorry they hadn't thought of a first."

“Because the space he fills—his size and age and everything about him—is perfect to fit Ozwalt. It’s a sheltered space. When he comes off, he has to be better than everyone else, otherwise he’d

Joe "and Price walking over to where

we sat. "I found the real line. For some weeks, Price had been reading Huxley's *Peckham's Biography of Wilde*. At a point in *Disunion*, Wild, tells the audience, "Do you know today, a man who cannot talk morality to a large audience is quite shocked as a politician?" There is nothing left for him except, perhaps, the Church on his own terms.

"What he said says: Do you know today a man who cannot talk morality to a large (overseas) audience is quite finished as a politician," said Pinet. "Now it's funny: it wasn't funny before."

That's funny," said Randy. "And that's what the people of Baltimore agreed, better than the people of Baltimore know all about finished politics."

After rehearsal, we left the theater to head back to the Lord Baltimore Hotel.

Hey, you Doctor Phibes, man! said

the first. Hey, I saw you on *Brooklyn Women* last night. Hey, what's it like working with Lindsay Wagner?

The second man laughed and, not wishing to speak, made motions as though working a bicycle pump. "Yeah," he said. "Yeah."

The scene, he was describing, is from *Prayers of Blood*. Prince, having dispatched Catal and five other critics for their loose religious stances, sends himself on Robert Mayday by force-feeding his brother a maul, poodles through a fanned

“Oh yes,” said Prince. “Now I’ll tell you about...”

The actor with tastes of his fans are fun due to Price. In Wilkes-Barre after his lecture he, set of a table full of food as an amazing feast provided for to eat or have his autograph porcelain skulls and 3-D glasses left over from *Minor*. At Wil. days or just to pass to people with love, range, to tell him where all of his films there like most. There were all of

(shot right) the dwarf; hand-knuckled woman and the town shot, who kept showing his face into Price's with its assumed imitation of Boris Kerkoff. It found, (left) the shot, Grand Prix? William Harris' own sons were there, at tactical and reply, and he came back for four autographs. When Price was doing Oboe in the Kewley street in Oboe, ages of spectators showed on his face.

her mother. Her eyebrows looked like a Hindu holy man's long, dark spirals twisting proteanly into the gables. Around her neck hung a miniature portrait of Pige. Her mother explained

which had been growing the roots for 100 years, and was the first saw him as

"She was really a very dear girl," Prad said. "A dear girl. Very sweet."

Stock sits in front of the clear arch facade of the Land Baltimore. Price smoked a cigarette and listened to the pathhammer rapping up Baltimore Street below. "Oh look," he said, and pointed down at the Morris A. Minkus, museum, where

workman was running LOW BRID L&L, WARD CRYSTAL & MURDER. A few minutes later, as he looked on the wall watching the workman had put up VINYL & PROUL, A FINE ARMS & D.

You don't suppose he's going to leave the cliff? Price said. But after running through his box, the workman finally produced the unusual vessel and hung it at the end of Oscar's surname. Abba, Steve said.

Funny is a basket of letters, said Vincent Price, although he may not have meant it. — 10

Touching Idamae Low

FICTION BY MARK HARRIS

It's easy to touch in love,
harder just in compassion, hardest of all
to touch for pure common sense.



Astronaut was a lame duck: His office at Kampeter was no longer the office it had been. Some matters formerly referred to him now bypassed him for consideration elsewhere. He said to his wife, Elizabeth, one night, "Do you realize that it is no longer an authorized someone?"

Nobody knew where he'd be going, or when, and few people suspected that he himself did not know. Between the Fourth of July and Christmas he'd gone off six times to six corporations, no secrets about it, two days here, three days there, for which he had cleaned from Kasperer travel expenses there it was but paid his way the other there, according to his determination whether he had some more trade or a concrete business or his own.

To extend out the job he had in mind for himself, Auerbach had traveled to Epoxi in Seattle, Park Products in Portland (Oregon), Whitman Tool in Los Angeles, Dennis O'Toole Tool in Denver, Tool Hire in Minneapolis, and Tobin Steel in Pittsburgh. With his own company, Ramberger, where he was now an unauthorized signatory, these were seven of the 18 nights of a not very bad schedule. Monday was the month. Five or six weeks

Alfred Morris has many scholarly works, many pamphlets, and several novels, including *Make Us Equal*, published in Eugene, Ore. It is perhaps here known for his Henry Wiggin baseball books, including *The Southern* and *Base the Great South*.

Some people said Australian was playing his cards close to his chest, but he had never been a good player. His game was golf and his customary opponent was his wife, from whom he had never won a match in his life. Her handicap was two five, and also knew they'd go nowhere that didn't have a good golf course and a good veterinarian. Their children had dispersed in the freudian way to distant work, love, and sports behind.

Kempner's success was partly due to Auerman, who was director of personnel. People knew that he knew what he was doing. He had said yes or no finally to questions of the fate of thousands of persons entering or departing Kempner's work force over the years, and the older he grew, the shrewder. He never pretended to know things he did not know. If he was doubtful he said, "I am doubtful. Whenever in the world it was decided whether

He was a little eccentric, but not much. He was consumed by the moral necessity to do the right thing rather than the wrong thing. He had done the morally wrong thing on three or four occasions in his career, and his conscience had been the first

On those occasions he had been especially helpful in the *guilt* of employment at Kampore to women to whom he had been attracted on sight. He had affectionately touched them when perhaps he should not have. Oh, well, he had had a love affair or two or three. Thereafter he had felt obligated to those women. He told them some moving love stories, then he would know

The company's success was partly due to Auerman. He had said yes or no to the fate of five thousand persons.

gave young men or plain women with equal qualifications.

It was the danger of teaching. All religions have the danger of teaching and keeping the birds and goats apart belowhand. The three or four women whom Auerman befriended were slender, tall, handsome, long-legged women who carried themselves well. They were upper-middle management, and therefore representative of not formal education, and he continued to be helpful to them in their careers in Kampen long after he had lost his strong desire to teach them. His moral side passed on to his pupils.

When Winckton arrived from down, Auerman never questioned how it had come about. And need never among the industry people. He taught into people in connection with the golf course. The person who explained to Auerman Auerman finally was Mr. Kennedy. A vice president.

"I don't if you'd want to come down here," Mr. Kennedy said. "But I thought I'd give it a try. Maybe you'd care for a little get-acquainted visit." Mr. Kennedy spoke in a low voice, always subject to repetition. He wanted to be a knicker, and Auerman admired him. On the other hand, Auerman at first was interested in Kennedy's low voice—people with low voices were often making promises they knew they couldn't keep.

"Suppose," said Auerman, thinking of Elizabeth, "you've got your own golf course then."

"Nine months we say," Mr. Kennedy said. "What said March if you want the golf. Let's have our secretaries put their heads together over the calendar and set a date." They spoke for five or six minutes, arranging to arrange. Mr. Kennedy would set his secretaries in which all the people of Winckton at various times and levels would be able to meet Auerman and decide what they thought of it. "The employees really make the decisions," Mr. Kennedy said.

"I like it that way," Auerman said. "I wouldn't have it any other."

But Auerman did not wholly believe that the employees made the decisions at Winckton at any time. It was his experience that when it came to a particular case in a particular place a decision was made not by groups but by one single, determined person, and for his own practical purposes Auerman would want to know who.

Several days after his conversation with Mr. Kennedy, Auerman received a letter from Winckton: handwritten, on plain stationery, signed only "Idame," in an other referring to herself as "Assistant to the Director of Planning." In her letter, Idame granted Auerman in the name of all Winckton and enclosed a copy of the tentative schedule he had already reserved from Mr. Kennedy's secretary. The schedule was comfortably flexible, indicating that the state of this annual he would meet with small groups of people at stated hours and places all subject to change at his will, and on the following day he would meet and talk with five Winckton executives. The Idame's copy the story "back at my clubhouse on our new golf course" was emphatically underlined.

Idame's copy also included two words of mild but effective criticism, referring, apparently to day two of the week: "Low, breakfast," were penciled into the margin and were almost invisible. Perhaps the problem was, Auerman thought, that the weekly paper was not meant for pencil. And yet, "back at my clubhouse

on our new golf course" took pencil well enough. Therefore, thought Auerman, who was, after all, paid a high wage to read stenographic and record thoughts, let me try to write the stenographic and minutes of speeches at every level. Low breakfast was a message Idame really had no right to deliver and therefore delivered apologetically. Finally, usually, on a Xerox page accompanying her unofficial letter on paper stationery.

A few weeks later, Auerman flew from winter to spring. Kampen to Winckton, an hour and miles south. Before Mr. Kennedy at the airport stood a little woman of thirty-five or so, carrying at her breast maids' folders and computer print-outs folded to squares—in her name, it would seem, all the business of the corporation, so he trusted on the spot, and looked over her shoulder for some further person. Once through brown, now faded, snow with ice, and pushed with all the business of at least a second corporation.

From her hat two frayed feathers with brown scuffs over her head, Auerman to check everything she every body said, although she did not at first suppress Auerman as a knicker. Certainly she interrupted Mr. Kennedy and when she did he did not seem to mind. He stopped, as if he had nothing to speak to say that he could to fight for it.

She was a small, female person. She was compact. In the first moment of Auerman's view of her, the thing that fascinated him was her powerful concentration upon him. She could not have been more transfixed by him had he been his imperious person. At length, shaking off her dream, she shook his hand, said him her name, and added: "Is this one you had the letter from?" "Did you bring your club?" Mr. Kennedy asked.

"Club?"

"Golf clubs," Idame said. "We have a brand-new golf course. Everybody plays golf here."

"I'm afraid I must have exaggerated my interest in golf," said Auerman. "I never take clubs on a trip."

"Avis rents clubs," said Mr. Kennedy.

"Now, my wife is passionate about golf," said Auerman.

"I don't play golf at all," said Idame.

I never play more than once a day, said Mr. Kennedy. Idame had not yet said. Perhaps she was too true to come. For some reason not clear to Auerman, he was a violent club. He was for her. It was for her nervous, among the maids' folders and computer print-outs at her breast her hands trembled conspicuously. Why had she carried all these papers from the car to the surface site? He must look at that. Perhaps her paper work was production, delicate, conscientious. And yet, if she did not come to see him, why was she aware with trouble from her hat and a blouse striped in all the colors of a circus sign? Hiding not her body but her face, perhaps she wanted to play as all play golf here: the next moment saying she did. Working at the language course he asked her why she did it every body plays golf. "I don't care for golf," said Idame. "I don't play it. Every body else plays golf. All we're really talking about there is one hole word. Isn't that right?"

Auerman thought, when she smiled, that her face was free. Her smile had power, commanding him to remove his self-protection. She smiled at the licensed driver of the Winckton limousine, who appeared to such his instructions from her.

"We're leaving the airport," Idame announced. However the airport and the hotel she delivered a summary or synopsis—no for the first time, Auerman supposed—at the company and the city, their history and their outlook, speaking very deliberately, loudly and with a falter. She was a model, clearly in her description, although her narrative was tinged with some phrases she offered names and dates with the warnings "if anyone asks" or "I don't imagine why I remember such things playing it safe, repeating the data without anything any larger read that might find the date itself."

Her first lesson could be repeated easily. Auerman soon saw that he had only to begin to speak to make her stop. She was as acquiescent as she was aggressive, as silent as that was visible

as retreat as she was forward, seeking the right relationship between herself and this man she did not know. By the time they arrived at the hotel her data and description of Winckton and Auerman had turned rather vague as she began to view up Auerman's office. Apparently she wished to be wherever he wanted her to be.

"We are arriving at the hotel," Idame announced. "It's the only hotel with no name. The Winckton hotel was a busy hotel structure with twenty suites used for exactly the present purpose—the house, as Mr. Kennedy put it, 'maids' folders.'" But Auerman changed hands between the maid and hotel. Their driver, who was also the bellman, carried Auerman's suitcase and all the Auerman luggage from the car to his suite, showed the driver for some time. Then upon the windows, and asked at the door for instructions.

Auerman replied that he would extract it if he knew what the thing was—better ask Mr. Kennedy, but behind the driver, at the doorway, he still did not know. Idame spoke: "We can rest for a while if you wish," she said. "We can begin now." She came a step forward. No one else? Did she intend to remain with him while he waited? He supposed she would if he asked her to. Little wonder she did. He was no wonder of knowing her. She was not one of the slender, well-proportioned women of Kampen whom he had effectively touched and to whom, therefore, his mind was unconsciously obligated. Her Idame was different. "No, begin now," said Auerman, bringing his All-In-One, which served as the bank, stepping over his suitcase, and reaching with Idame and the driver in the limousine. "I mean to see all of it," he said. "I don't come to rest."

Indeed he did not come to rest for twelve hours, returning to his suite at half an hour past midnight, his suitcase lying on its side where he had left it. In the All-In-One suitcase on its side he had broken for twelve hours he had had almost no rest at all, no sleep, no privacy. He had shaken hands and talked for twelve hours with a wide variety of people at all levels and circumstances of life at Winckton.

He had a few more or less formally twice, hands in a reception room with employees of middle rank and minor of two-hundred mark at the home of a vice-president. Auerman performed many dialogues at coffee breaks in various corners of the plant, and once in the cafeteria known as the Breakfast Room.

It occurred to him now, in the privacy of his suite, that the last time he stepped his shoulder he was in the men's room on the third floor. Room with the disposal director of personnel. The disposal director was very happy. He was leaving, he did know where he was going, the further the better because Winckton, he said, was a nightmare, a misery. He had learned the meaning in a simple major decision for two years. "I was a failure at the T.O.," he said.

Auerman thought it hard by its table of organization. Auerman did not believe Winckton lived that way, but it did not matter—each corporation had its mythology, and Winckton's was as good as another extensive table of organization roughly the shape of an umbrella, flying from the walls at a dozen executive offices and scattered points north. Winckton said where its own on the inflexibility of the T.O. or the too casual flexibility of the T.O., and of the people of Winckton were the T.O. a caution, not the other way around.

In the men's room the disposal director had said, "Here at least you're all of Idame's law. True, Idame had gone everywhere Auerman, dugged him for twelve hours, gave him every thing, kept him on schedule, and somewhat apart the vice-president's wife, who had not expected her for dinner."

"I take it," Auerman, Idame had a reputation for eloquence.

"For what?"

"For being everywhere." For being ubiquitous?

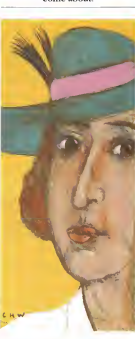
"She is everywhere," the other man said.

"What does she do?" Auerman asked.

The disposal director of personnel frowned. He was puzzled.

"The question never occurred to me," he said. "I know where

Word went around the industry, so when Winckton invited him down, Auerman never questioned how it had come about.



"You mean," his wife asked, "there's not an enemy in the whole place?"

Then across his mind's eye came Idamae Low.

she is on the table of organization. She's a little bird on the extreme wing of a very big airplane."

"That's not realistic," Auerman said.

"She's just everywhere," said the deposed director of personnel. "When you come to think of it, I don't really know an Idamae dove. I wish you had lots of birds," he amiably said.

And so Auerman was horizontal now on the sofa of his suite, where the telephone was, rattling of dry sweat, out of throat and high upon adulation. He had seen that everyone liked him, that the job was quite his if he cared to accept it, having someone's wife from a source still invisible to him. It was only natural, only right, that he should step so easily from Kemper to Winston—he could go anywhere he cared to go in the big night (except status at Kemper). It was his prerogative for a lifetime of hard work that now, at his age, at the crest of his career, he could leave at a level of easy mischief. This is really the place, he said to himself, on the telephone.

But Elizabeth was always skeptical. His given to hope. "That's what they said when they discovered Uly," she said. "How was the flight?"

The flight, she didn't understand. It was out as if he had just arrived. This morning's flight was seen as it is already later, he said. "The writing letters to my head to lots of people at Kemper."

"Have you seen the golf course?" she asked.

"Tomorrow," he said.

"Have many people told you so?" Elizabeth asked.

"Millions," he said.

"And you mean there's not an enemy in the crowd?"

Idamae Low crossed his mind a cry, hidden behind the door at the door to his suite, but he did not mention her name to his wife.

"You like Mr. Kennedy?" she asked.

"Jeez," he said. "I forgot all about Mr. Kennedy. I haven't seen him since before dinner. He didn't come to dinner with us. He disappeared. Somewhere along the way everyone had his

appeared. People joined him, accompanied him from morning to morning, while, during a cup of coffee, and dropped from his car. He had gone the whole way from moon to midnight. No wonder he was tired. Only Idamae had gone the whole long way with him and seen him at last to the door of this little hotel. He began to think she was in love with him, but this he did not mention to his wife.

Auerman moved and sat his alarm clock for eight thirty. He turned pages of the Bible and the TV Guide, gifts of this stainless hotel where no money changed hands. On the TV at the late hour an band of men on horseback pursued a second band of men on horseback. This was not a new experience for Auerman, and he was about to turn off the television, feeling himself ready for sleep, when he saw that one of the bands of horsemen was led by a woman. At this point, however, a commercial interruption occurred lasting so long it extinguished his curiosity regarding the lady on horseback.

He awakened his room and read for sleep, but he must have been lighter than he realized, for it was two o'clock before he slept, and seven o'clock when his telephone rang. Not enough. Not enough sleep.

Good morning, said Idamae Low. "I hope you had a few

Not enough of it," he said. He did not instantly know her voice. He thought she was the hotel operator. "Why so early?" he asked. "Did I leave a call? I didn't leave a call."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Idamae. But she did not urge him to go back to sleep, as someone might who was truly awfully sorry. "I thought you wanted breakfast," she said.

True it was. Auerman thought. "Everyone wants breakfast," he said. "It's seven o'clock. I could have slept till eight-thirty. He was angry. But she was doing her job, he supposed. She had obviously been assigned to convey him from place to place, and he should have, should have, for saying his phone and he said he would be down shortly.

Let her wait. He shaved and dressed and dressed. Now he would leave to sleep another hour! Deprived of sleep he was less secure about his position than he had been at one o'clock this morning. But he was now too agitated to sleep, and he certainly never slept when someone was waiting for him, even if someone was only a bird on the wing.

Therefore he decided to consider his wake-up call. It was a prescription drug whose effect was not only to awaken him but to improve his day in every way by reducing irritability. He had carried these pills with him for years, using them less and less as his own sense of contentment increased. He shook one pill from the bottle, broke it into two, returned half to the bottle, and wrapped the other half in a square of toilet paper, which he dropped into the change pocket of the coat he had selected.

Auerman sat breakfast in the Breakfast Room. Idamae Low was no breakfast. She sat with her folders and pen-outs at her breast, covering them as she had covered them first to last yesterday. Her entrance bag was slung from her shoulder. Her entrance fee. Today she wore a silver-plated blouse as less colorful than the dress of yesterday. Idamae knew the official's flag at the Indianapolis 500, or a normal one.

Auerman said, "Can't you work off those papers somewhere? I didn't see you look into mine yesterday."

"I might need to know something any minute," she said.

"You know things already," she knew, said Auerman. His thought seemed to destroy her, and she glanced about the Breakfast Room as if to see whether anyone had observed her exposure. He knew that she had chosen the Breakfast Room to rest that night he widely saw, identified from the beginning with the new director of personnel, her friend strengthened by difficult power in the Breakfast Room. He knew everyone, and everyone knew Idamae, low collar, white collar, wattle, wattle, burrows.

"You know everybody," Auerman said.

"I know everybody who was here longer than a month ago," said Idamae. "Remember that little people Mr. Auerman, even if some people don't."

How old was the Auerman asked.

She was twenty-nine, she said.

"Twenty-nine going on what?" he asked. "Years and years on personal had made him good at judging men."

Thirty-three, she confessed. She was thirty-five. He was glad he had not taken the pill. The pill made him uncertain, poorer, no more. With the pill he had not to have challenged her age. He began with a loud gasp.

"This breakfast was not on my schedule," Auerman said.

"It was," she said. She looked.

Yes, he said. It was provided in by you. On a Xerox copy. And very likely, I grant me.

"I wanted to have a chance to fill yours," he said. "I want to be all the help I can."

He considered this. To what? To herself? To whom? He asked.

To you," she said. But she seemed to strike over Idamae as seriously, and she finally revised it without raising the whole room. To you and Winston, she said. And you'd be good for Winston. Of course I can't speak for everybody, but speaking for the people I did manage to talk to yesterday and today.

He interrupted. "Today," he asked. When today could she have spoken to anyone? She had sat alone in the empty lobby of the hotel from seven o'clock until he had gone her.

Mostly yesterday, she corrected. "We went going to get hung up on now, my wife. My impression is that everybody likes you a great deal although they mention no minute of what-and-see. Their main concern is their own department."

When Idamae said "everybody" she'd mean on the whole, herself. If that Auerman could be sure. Experience had taught him that. "Everybody's main concern is probably even narrower than that," he said.

"Of course they don't know you all that well yet," she said.

"I see," he said.

The waiter brought her his eggs and his toast. He had been looking forward to the last of the juice in the staff of this breakfast, but the waiter removed his grapes, and his attention rose to his last. His breakfast was improved then on him some more, and his fingers felt for his half-pint in its square of toilet paper in his pocket. But he did not take it, resting it, struggling for tranquility without chemistry.

Every motion Auerman made in Idamae's direction evoked her response. If he bent his head toward her she bent her head in the same direction. If he moved, she moved. That the yearning for his touch, or that she yearned to touch him. Her envelopes at her breast were her restraint. They occupied her hands. Perhaps she had known trouble produced by her hands. Somewhere in her past, he guessed, he'd had among her records a job gone bad in the squeals of a commitment someone had made to her two years, too deep from which he had tried to withdraw.

"Start your egg," she blantly said. "It's nearly six o'clock."

Obviously he cracked an egg, and he moved without seeing that the Breakfast Room was emptying—a movement toward the doors—a lowering of the level of conversation. "At nine o'clock it is supposed to be somewhere," he said.

"I'll get you there," she said. She observed closely his method of eating his eggs.

"Idamae," said Auerman, sampling his eggshell clean, "just when do you do?"

"Do I do," she said.

"At work," he said.

"I love Winston," she said.

"Yes," he said, "but specifically what do you do?"

"I'm the assistant to the director of planning," she speedily said.

"Yes," he said. "That's your title or what you give me as your title, but what I asked was what do you do?"

"Mr. Auerman," she said, "you're cross-examining me. I'm not accustomed to that. I'm a respected valuable employee of this company. I work very hard."

"At what?" he asked, in spite of the hatred in her eyes.

"In the assistant to the director of planning," she said.

"You are an assistant to the director of planning," Auerman said.

"What did I say?"

"You said you were Mr. Auerman."

"We're not going to get hung up over a reliable are we?" she asked.

"You know," said Auerman. "I don't think you do anything. I don't know what you're saying," she said. "I'm in Mr. Pennerman's office. Too important here this morning, he'll tell you I'm a respected, valuable employee of this company. Ask Mr. Kennedy. You speak alone with him yesterday. You had a lot of opportunity to ask him anything you wanted to."

"Wherever I asked him something," Auerman pleasantly said, "you answered."

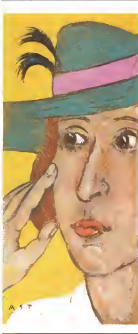
"Everybody knows he's a quiet man," said Idamae. "Finish your coffee."

"You're in Pennerman's office?" Auerman asked. "I thought you were in Mr. Kennedy's office."

"I'm in both," she said.

He walked with Idamae down a long corridor from the Breakfast Room to the distant end of the building. Her heels drummed

Who was in charge?
Everybody thought someone
else was in charge.
Into the breach
little Idamae stepped.



What To Take For Gold Fever

BY WILLIAM FLANAGAN

Buying the precious metal used to be illegal, and it has never been a little man's game. But done right, the profits can be impressive.

Gold fever has struck again. The sagging dollar, inflation, troubles in the Midwest—the traditional reasons, slightly worried over. Gold prices have balanced accordingly and now the precious metal is up to \$144 an ounce (as of this writing). Still, some shrewd investors are continuing to buy. And several industry veterans and beginners are bullish that the metal will continue to rise through 1978.

I have never been able to feel comfortable about investing in gold, even though it is now legal in the U.S., probably because an old Swiss banker friend once explained me that it was strictly a trader's bet. He reasoned that a gold investor paid too much to buy, store, and sell their gold and would never time their market right or be quickly enough to profit the way the big boys in the banks do. But one cannot argue with the figures. A lot of investors—including some small ones—have made billions. In 1973, for example, I wrote about investing in U.S. gold coins when they were the only form of the metal that U.S. citizens could own. At that time, the \$20 gold "double eagle" sold for \$195. Today, it goes for \$115. That's an increase of over 50 percent in just five years. Recently I received a letter from someone who had read and heeded that column and had washed his \$10,000 investment approximately to over \$16,000. He wanted to know what I could do for him today.

I'd play it safe—stick to U.S. gold coins. According to Norman Scott, of South & Co. Company in New York City, the market for U.S. coins, and especially for the rarer ones that have more numismatic than intrinsic value, is "unbelievably strong." He adds there is a shortage of rare coins, which he expects will



Miners search for gold in less arduous than in 1690, but some still treasure

scarcity as the number and type of investors seeking such coins increases. But one caveat: Rough plans, and wealthy individuals who want some of their assets in hard currency tend to lay away the coins they buy for longer periods than other investors/collectors. The rarer the coins you buy, the longer you will have to hold on to them to realize any appreciation and the harder they'll be to sell. But overall, the potential for gain is higher.

If you decide to invest in U.S. gold coins, David J. Happer's *How to Invest in Gold Coins* (Arlington House, \$8.95) is the best text on the subject.

If you want to buy coins readily for their bullion value, most coin shops carry the Krugerrand, Australian 100-ounce and Mexican 50-ounce piece. The Krugerrand contains exactly one troy ounce of gold, the 100-ounce coin just a shade under 98 percent and the Mexican 50-ounce a little over 92 percent. The price of each coin

If you had bought 1,000 ounces of gold a year ago, you'd have \$27,565 profit on a \$60,000 investment.

depends on the afternoon closing price of gold on the London Exchange. The dealer markup is 4 percent or so. Thus, with the London price of gold at \$181, a Krugerrand will cost about \$189, an Australian 100 ounce, \$184, and the Mexican 50 piece, about \$212.

Some facts about the 27-karat Krugerrand:

- Despite South Africa's unpopular political position and the fact that some anti-apartheid groups in the U.S. have even campaigned against buying the coin, it is still selling.

- It is estimated that there are some 30 million Krugerrand coins in circulation in

real will wind up costing you \$204.50. If you are making a sizable purchase, it can be worth it to buy and sell your coins in a state with little or no sales tax.

It hardly pays to buy bullion in the form of gold bars unless you are making a very large investment. Bars are cumbersome, and you have to pay delivery, storage, insurance, and assay costs when you decide to sell.

An alternative to buy bullion on margin (20 to 30 percent down) through a precious-metal exchange company. You usually can't see the metal—in fact, you probably won't. When you buy, you pay the dealer a payment of 2 percent above

\$190. You would have paid \$153 in prime, or \$153,000. Let's say you put up one third of that on margin, or \$51,000, and earned the rest, \$102,000, on margin. Your annual interest on the balance comes to \$8,870. After one year, you sell in this period; the price has risen to \$194.25. Even after deducting the dealer's 2 percent premium and your interest payment of 4.5 percent, you still wind up with a profit of \$27,565, after paying up a total of \$59,435. Eugene Zech, president of the new company (it has been in operation one and a half years), says business is "booming" in gold, and in copper and platinum, as well.

Other companies that do the same kind of thing are Monex in Newport Beach, California, and International Precious Metals Corporation, in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

The cheapest way of getting in on the gold market is, of course, by buying the stock of the gold mining companies. The biggest ones are in South Africa, of course, but their ADRs (American Depositary Receipts) are traded over the counter much like any other security.

There are those who insist this is the safest way of investing in the precious metal. Most of these stocks range from a little over 50 percent to about 524 percent above and there is the possibility of regular dividends.

At the other end of the spectrum, the most gold investment you can make is in gold futures. But the rewards are there too. For a cash down payment of \$1,000 or so, which is the margin requirement you can secure a standard 100-ounce gold-futures contract. It is a short-term investment—less than one year—which means there has to be significant movement over the short run for you to show profits, but they have been made. Also, as with most commodities trading, more people have money than make it.

Any investor in gold should bear several things in mind, however. The first is that there is always the possibility that the U.S. Treasury Department or the International Monetary Fund might release more of their hoards at any time, and drive down prices. Second, for months, the specter has been so in the recent past.

Thus, of course, there is the increase in prices of South African gold. Some observers feel that if the gold mines are taken over as a result of revolution, the price of the metal will rise, since no gold will be mined. Others feel that the price will drop, since the mines will be made to produce at even greater capacity. Either way, the investor with a stock full of gold is bound to spend some sleepless nights.



At least 10 pieces of 27-karat gold \$212

American 100-ounce at \$184 (1/100 oz) \$184

the world. And, as one coin dealer notes, "None of the free world's gold has come from South Africa for years, anyway, not only the Krugerrand."

It pays to keep strong dealers when buying or selling. Not all use the same margins and premiums. You should also get a discount on orders of five or more coins.

- Sales taxes can, in effect, more than double the price you pay for coins. (In New York, for example, a \$149 Krugerrand

the spot price of gold—the price quoted in the commodities columns in the news papers, such day. You also pay him 4.5 percent annual interest on the unpaid balance of the gold you have purchased. That interest is charged quarterly. When you want to sell the gold, the dealer takes the gold back at 2 percent below the spot price. Example: Suppose in late March, 1977, you bought 1,000 ounces of gold from Pines Incorporated in San Rafael, Michigan, when the spot price of gold was

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Small Camera, Big Picture

BY SUZANNE SLESIN

Shown actual size, these new small cameras make full-frame 35mm pictures a snap.

Handy The Rollei 35 is flat and compact. It lists for \$379.99. At Camera Bank, New York; Frank's Highland Park Camera Shop, Los Angeles; Camera Showcase, Denver; Phipps Photo, Atlanta.

Legendary The Leica Minolta CL, the first compact large-format camera, has an interchangeable lens. It lists for \$468. At B&H, New York; Hella Ltd., Chicago; Olympic Camera, Los Angeles.



Smoothie The seven-ounce Minox 35L is the smallest full-frame camera on the market. It's \$749 but at Chris Gallo's, Boston; Hella, Chicago; Olympic Camera, Los Angeles; Bruloff's, Miami.

Passport-sized The Konica C35 automatic takes it all in the new finder, it lists for \$161. At Embassy Camera Center, Washington, D.C.; Wiloughby's, New York; The Camera Shop, Fort Worth.



You love to take pictures, but you hate to carry all the equipment around. You feel like a human cord snarl and know you look like a tourist. Take heart: the new small cameras are so inconspicuous to they're easy to handle. "Cameras have been shrinking since the middle of the Sixties," explains James Schindler, senior product editor at *Modern Photography* magazine, "but the thirty-five-millimeter camera has remained the choice of the serious amateur photographer." The trouble was, 35mm cameras remained pretty much the same size—until now. The new cameras are not inconspicuous, but they sell on the job of these heavier, more complexed predecessors, fit so easily into your pocket as they do in your hand, and produce full-frame 35mm pictures. We show you four of these little, shot actual size. We also asked four famous photographers to try them out and to see what they came up with. On the following pages are their pictures and their comments, which prove that quality films shows today's technical know and that a small camera—an innovative hand—can deliver a big picture.



Jay Maisel

It was raining in New York's Central Park when Jay Maisel took out the seven-megapixel Nikon 302L and photographed the runner at right. Maisel liked the feel of the small camera. "It opens up every new doors for me, especially grab shots," he says, "and the color resolution doesn't seem bad at all." Maisel did have one suggestion: "The camera should bring from the bottom up instead of from the top down." Then the top could be used as a window and could shelter the lens from rain and snow. As it is, all the rain and snow just lies on the part that opens up, and when you close the camera it gets into the lens—and because this is a camera you want to use everywhere, in any weather, I just turn it upside down. Now that makes advancing the film just a little difficult!" Maisel set the Nikon on automatic and kept taking good results. "It's an idiot camera," he says, "because you can't make wrong exposures. And it's also hard to make critical ones. But I do take very much."



Art Kane

At Kane, above, used the Lee-Loe Minka CL and took a portrait of Nedie, a Hollywood "adult symbol" who reminds him of "a more laid Jewish guy from the Bronx." Nedie designs and makes western gear and owns an antique car embedded with silver dollars. To Kane he represents "the colorful, the mechanistic vulgarity of what belonged to the Wild West. He's the pioneer moved westward—I wanted to poke fun at him, but in a sympathetic way." So Kane asked Nedie to step outside his shop and took a daylight photo using available light. "The forty-millimeter one-eye lens was very sharp," Kane says, "and I was impressed by the clarity of the image and the sharpness of the lens." Although he finds the film is a camera that could be used professionally, he sees a drawback in the fact that it's manually operated. "I like a little more camera," he says of the minkies-on-or-Life, "and I'm used to a motor drive." Also, Kane found it annoying to look through the viewfinder and see the meter pole at the top. "Technically," he adds, "it's a terrible little instrument—like playing with an incredible set of Loedel trains—but somehow I'd rather ride on the real thing."

**Henry Wolf**

A director and photographer Henry Wolf, above, used the Kometas C35 to shoot model Susan Wynn. He draped her with a bed sheet, loaded the camera with Ektachrome tungsten film, and used a single candle as the only light source. According to Wolf, "It doesn't make any difference what camera a photographer uses. I did what I would do with any camera, and I think it's nice if the picture is a little out of focus, which it is. I shot it so it'd look as if old-style cameras, opening and closing the shutter manually."

"Cameras have gotten too easy," he explains.

"I feel people should learn the basics of how to use their film and that manufacturers should invest the money they spend on advertising in perfecting a very good simple camera."

**Norm**

"Professionals will use anything these days," says photographer Norm, "but I think that this camera is really more for the amateur, because professionals need to be very precise." Norm took the thirteen-course Kometas 358—"Its weight couldn't be better, this simplifies life quite a bit"—to his home in the country and set the exposure at 22 for 1/50 second to shoot the still life at left. "I imagined somebody just coming back from the market and dropping a basket of vegetables in the snow." He films the contrast of the snow and the fresh produce—the careful arrangement of the accidental happening.



Terror as an Historical Inheritance

BY MORRIS WEST

Stupidity in Italy is an inheritance, built into the system by mad emperors, Bourbon kings, absolutist popes, tyrant dukes, and mafiosi. It is the conviction that change is impossible.

Life in Italy today is a series of warlike absurdities, punctuated by moments of pure horror. The kidnapping of Aldo Moro, leader of the Christian Democrats, by members of the Red Brigade was one such moment. Now, with Moro still captive, the Totti trial of Red Brigade terrorists stalled by technocrats, we are back to absurdity—the black and dangerous comedy of Italian.

Consider a few simple statistics. There are 115 known terrorist groups in Italy. Last year, there were more than six kidnappings a month. This year, there have been thirteen in eleven weeks. In the same eleven weeks there were 642 bombings, 781 assorted acts of political violence, and ten people died.

Unless you live there, it is impossible to believe how crazy the country can be, how preposterous are the bombast and apocalyptic ideas. In fact, it is a sad, ramshackle bureaucracy, staffed in all but the highest levels by political appointees—underpaid, undereducated—who use themselves as an alibi for the politics that is fascism writ large. The state continues behind a mountain of paper protected by a barbed-wire entanglement of ancient laws, any one of which can trap you up and tear you to shreds.

The simplest encounter with the state is a nightmare of frustration. This is the case wherever I know where there is never enough courtesy to go around—and you are forced to take your change in chewing gum, leaflets, or plastic whistles.

If you get drunk in New York and take a swing at a police officer, you'll be roughed up and charged with assault. Do the same thing in Italy and you've committed "an offense against the dignity of New York." *Morris West is an official resident of Italy. He divides his time between Italy and a home in England.*



Red-brigade James Grayson Aldo Moro, the state, which will save you a good three years in the gulag.

Once, I went through the extensive of registering and taking a foreign car—with the assistance of a lawyer. After one week of full-time toying through the mazes of the Dogana (customs), where half the staff were moonlighting, the other half gossipping, and a secretary was in hysterics because she had no paper to type on, the documents were lost within twenty feet of where I stood! They were found two minutes before closing time. I was then faced with the interesting information that I couldn't drive the car away because it had to have a road test at an office, on the other side of the city, that closed at eleven in the morning. In-

mobile dilemma! The car could not be left in the customs area, but the moment I drove it out of the gate, I was in breach of the law. The policeman to whom I assigned my problem couldn't have cared less. I wait, in the classic phrase, "arrange myself." In other words, I must break the law to survive—and God help me if I am caught!

In a thousand ways, every day, the Italian finds himself in this kind of dilemma. As one Italian friend of mine put it, "You can't pass without a paper. But what do you do when the man who has to stamp it sleeps the window in your face?" Should wonder that the law is seen as an ass, and its servants, as venal and disreputable. John Cioran must "arrange himself"—and he does it in the old way, by brics, backhacks, "non menedatone," party favors, persuasive tactics of one kind or another. The result? A total breakdown of public confidence, a great universal cynicism, a fallback to the most primitive instinct: resistance. The residents, the kidnapping for ransom, get law in the mountains and in the city streets.

If this sounds like an exaggeration, make a small inquiry about the cost of bodyguards in Italy, and ask in Zurich or London for a security adviser for protection for your executives in Milan. Wages sometimes exaggerate, but insurance not so much.

It is not the choice of cynicism and disillusion that the small stream of "specimens" finally ready submission. The only remedy for the ill of the body politic is radical surgery. Destroy the whole rotten system! If there's blood in the streets, so what? Yes! I have no mercy on less you crack the eggs. You'll get no judges to handle the trials of the cases on the blower. You're safer in the underground than trying to reason your way out of the interrogation room at police headquarters.

For the young worldlings, for the stu-



In Rome, on March 16, three public cars rode in the white car's wake. At moment Mario's car, stopped by kidnappers. Mario's denials, angry and frustrated in universities grossly overcrowded and understaffed, it is a seductive gospel. For them the future is a wasteland. In a period of world recession, in a country poor in natural resources, their labor is at a nation's discount. Integration—share their last hope—is now almost impossible. Cosa tries that formerly welcomed arrivals and

smelled laborers have now closed their borders. The young are parties back at themselves. Their movements feed into desperation. You hear it. You smell it. You sense it everywhere. The first, the suspension, the future bubble of folk who now walk very close to the wall.

In Turin, the Red Brigade prisoners are locked in a cage in the courtroom. They

shoot insults at the judges. They are self-confessed members of a category to overthrow the state by violence; yet the very lines that confine them are evidence of the fear in which they are held, the fragility of the system they are sworn to destroy.

In the streets of Rome the army is out checking traffic, searching for Aldo

bondsmen, his driver, and the police, wary that Rastafarianism are marked. More. Two intelligence experts from the British Special Air Services have been called in to assist them. It seems a belated and makeshift measure in this ancient city honeycombed with cavernous cellars, catacombs, and vias, where a well-organized group could hole up for years without detection. It is here in Rome that the cynicism and

defection of the populace shows itself. They have always been scared and suspicious of the police and the carabinieri. They have few loyalties to the impersonal, inefficient state. They huddle back into their family groups. When questioned, they shrug and turn away. They have seen nothing, heard nothing, know nothing. They arrange themselves for

Citizens "arrange themselves"—in other words, they break the law in order to survive.

the rest. "Chi si arrega?" What the hell business is it of mine?

They have seen it all before. The long, bloody history of the city is written on every stone from the Nazis back to Aldo the Man. They have been conquered and reconquered, governed and insurgent. Their prime talent is for survival and for the corruption of the conqueror, whoever he may be: the French, the Americans, Mussolini and his elephants.

They tell you there are foreigners involved in the Moro affair. No Italian could have arranged so precise an operation. Some—and there is evidence in support—believe the Germans were involved; others, spontaneous anarchists from the Hitler-blasted commandos. There is evidence, too, that the Bonomai or the Celesia had a hand in it, and no one will argue too strongly against the possibility. The provocative agent is now a stark figure in Italian dress, the gun is hoisted from the Left to be fired by the Right. The Left blames the Right for the bomb blast; but they themselves have engineered Radio money taken up at monasteries. The Mafia, they say, works for the highest bidder. The rumors, true or false, serve the same ulterior purpose as the rest: to spread fear and confusion, destroying the last vestiges of public confidence.

That exact point is very close now. Aldo Moro, five times premier, was tipped as a possible future president. If he was not only then, so Ciriaco DeMocristo from his prison. The state is on its knees. Why was he kidnapped? It was an angry gesture that a carefully cultivated crop, Moro is perhaps the one man in Italy who can hold together the precarious alliance of Communists and Christian Democrats and guarantee a measure of political stability. The question that plagues everyone is, What will happen next? There is no simple answer. The best one can do is weigh the options.

First, the disorders will continue and probably increase. Of all the contrasts in Europe, Italy is the most hospitable for urban guerrilla operations. Her great cities—Rome, Naples, Milan, Bologna, Turin, Palermo—are impossible to police effectively.

Crowds can be contained and controlled—and the Italian police, especially the carabinieri, are good at it. But infiltration and underground warfare are hampered by the geography of ancient towns, by the presence of close-knit, distrust-



In the event of a total breakdown of law and order, it is more likely that a potential dictator would emerge from the commoners than from the army. So far there is no sign of him. The southernists are vocal and some violent, but it does not appear that they have sufficient grass roots support to dare a coup. Of the Unionist/terrorist organizations only about twenty are run by the extreme Right.

Given the strength of the Communist party and the whole range of black-market news policies, it seems more likely that in a crisis situation the Communist party, well organized everywhere, deeply entrenched in the key industrial centers, would gain enough votes to command a majority in the cabinet and thus a decisive voice in the running of the country.

The United States government has seen this possibility and has attempted a diplomatic—or anticommunist—move to forestall it. But U.S. involvement in the Mediterranean is no longer popular. After the disastrous episode of the colonies in Greece and the blunt refusal of the Turks to have their military policies dictated from outside, the Italians too have become an important ally of NATO. They are less concerned with the Sixth Fleet in the Bay of Naples than with their own welfare, with the professional assassins in their midst and the specter of civil strife in the streets of Rome and Rome.

The wounds of the war are still not healed. Go out any Sunday to the Forest Aniene and you will still find families laying flowers on the graves of the 325 hostages who were machine-gunned by the Germans in reprisal for a partisan raid on an officers' funeral in the Via Rosalia. Fly in to the holiday resorts of Soriano where the some suburbs of the Sixth Fleet are based. You will see ominous new signs nailed on the walls. **NO ITALY. NO LEAVE OUT.** There are those who take the view that the Sixth of Gibraltar is a hot streak to a dead hole that will soon be a Red Sea. It is a gloomy prophecy, but it could come true, unless there is a radical change in the state of the Italian republic.

What change is possible—given the mass hatreds of the fascist and the black men that is left? The terrible irony is that while there is a key element in cooperation between the Christian Democrats and the Communists, was less practical than many of his less important colleagues. His abolition is an example of the stupidity inherent in the whole mechanism of the life of the top.

The most elementary security precautions were applied. More followed the same route every day. He was not supplied with an armed car. There was a backup vehicle but no forward screen. There was no request for a police to the twelfth military commander of the command.

Stupidity is a harsh word, but after a long residence in Italy and a very living

The anarchist wants to wipe out the whole mess at one stroke. What follows? Total disorder.

relationship with many of her people, I use it without apology. The stupidity is not personal. It is an innate inheritance, built into the system by mad emperors, barbaric kings, absolute popes, cynical dictators and mafiosi from the backwoods of the Mezzogiorno. It is the conviction that change is impossible, reform a pipe dream, cooperation an exercise in futility.

I once had a Sarumian maid, the daughter of a fisherman, who blamed every misfortune on the Little Black Monk, a mysterious goblin who sampled the washing on the line, broke dishes, hid money, tapped rabbits in the garden. I used to spend Sunday hours instructing her that if the devil put the lid on the dambas the days would not be it, that it was useless to lay out laundry in a high wind, that if she cluttered about in a frenzy, of course the chaos would be true. No way, mother! Denial was inexcusable. She had learned that from her father, who used to carry his bells into the church and leave them at the feet of San Giuseppe, who, being a poor man himself, would understand and take care of them.

In discourse the Italians are the most eloquent people in the world. In action they are either apathetic or impulsive to the point of insanity. They will point with disgust to the rubbish that clutter the streets, rail against the government that permits such a disgrace—and cheerfully toss another pile of debris on top of it.

In government is the same thing. Everyone knows the scandal of the horse crazy, the shame of the hospital services, the pollution of the land and the scenery, the barbarism of the prison system. But no one wants to put his own well-polished shoes inside the Aegean stable and start cleaning it. It's all obvious, one fire to smother, it will happen. Now, or by whose hand, nobody seems to know.

And this is the appeal of the ignominious anarchist. He claims to know and caresses himself with brutal clarity at present. Why? Because the whole mess is one stroke. What follows? Total disorder. And after that? Tyranny. And only when the people are sick of tyranny will they rise and organize themselves into a final cleansing revolution.

Or a dramatic solution. It is not yours. It is not mine. It is a black possibility.

The men in the cage in Tiana shoot it at their judges. Aldo Moro photographed gaily and giggled under the execution of the Red Brigade. Bears must be tamed to the machine.

On the subject of political terror, I wrote in my novel *The Salamander*.

"As a weapon, it is almost invincible. It makes fear and doubt. It destroys confidence in democratic procedures. It intimidates police agencies. It polarizes factions. The young against the old, the have-nots against the haves, the ignorant against the knowing, the slackers against the protagonists. As a social reflexion it is more deadly than the plague. It provokes the worst of instincts, the suppression of human rights, preventive action, cruel and unusual punishment, subversion, terrorism, and legal murder. The most mind of men, the wisest of governments, it not immune from the seduction. Violence begets violence. Black markets are paid from the public treasury, signals fed heavily on the innocent as on the guilty.

Those lines were written in 1973. Now, five years later, I use no simile to change a word of them. —E



Nearly a century ago, Paul Masson aged his premium wines slowly and patiently at this mountain winery. Nearly a century later, we still do.

Nothing good happens fast.
Paul Masson



In a cage and an end in Tiana. Red Brigade terrorists show their defiance speaking against workers, and by the massive influx of tourists to Taverne and in summer. The wild growth of the kidnapping industry—eighty men people in fifteen months—is clear evidence of the problem.

The obvious consequences are that police methods will become more brutal and the relations between the guardians of the law and the public will deteriorate even further. The judicial system, based on the Code Napoleon and relying on an outcast instead of courtroom examination and cross-examination, surely cannot support the present one-liner. So any suspect in a criminal case faces a long

period of prison without trial. The result is not a deterrent to crime but an incitement to audacity, on the principle that one may as well be hunted for a sheep as for a lamb.

The most effective force in the country is, undoubtedly, the carabinieri, twenty thousand strong, a branch of the armed forces but dedicated solely to the maintenance of internal order and security. They are well armed, well equipped and controlled, indisputably, in ability loyal to the republic. The army itself is less effective, a conscript force where legislators in deeply divided nation may be apt to question.

STEINBERG

The work of Saul Steinberg, America's cartoonist extraordinaire, is being celebrated in a major museum exhibition.

On these pages, a preview of the show and a few comments by the artist.



Portrait of the artist, Saul Steinberg.

Shaped by a country controlled and imagining a geographically isolated cartoonist and social commentator, Saul Steinberg is one of the few artists whose work became known to a mass audience before he was recognized by the critics as an important painter. On April 18 (and until July 8), New York's Whitney Museum of American Art will present his first major American retrospective. Sponsored by the S.M. Corporation, the show will include over 250 drawings, watercolors, collages, and masks spanning the last thirty years of his career. Art critic Harold Rosenberg explains, "Steinberg's art is a parade of fictitious personages, geometric shapes, items of household equipment, personified furniture: each staged in a fiction of what it is—or in a dream of being something else."

Now right: *Remember Me!*, cartoon and collage, 1966.

Far right: "The Doctors," lithograph, 1973.





"Avery and Burroughs Couple" drawing from *The Pastimes*, 1954

Strandberg on Innocence . . .

I draw sometimes with the left hand (I am right handed). The left hand is much younger than the right one, more innocent and clumsy—slower and more controlled by reasoning. It has what I call a fuzzy or intelligent innocence caused by the evasion of discovery. And evasion is always intelligent because it's truthful. Innocence like a fox makes sense to me. So does crazy like fox.

. . . on Influences

Looking at a catalog of a postage stamp section, I realized how important an influence they—the stamps—have been in my life, what a poetic invention they are, what a concentrated display of art, history, geography, currency, ideology, typographic, nomenclature, et cetera, et cetera they contain in such small space. I collected stamps as a child, reading John Verne, looking at maps. Later one nation's Gips and Marxist and other ready-made influences without thinking of the fact, I single ones like the postage stamps (and the collection, rubber stamps, early envelopes, aerial colors, hotel stationery, and so on).

. . . on Evolution

My work is interesting because it mirrors my evolution, migrations from one culture to another, my moral or technical progress. I look with interest at some of my drawings of the past like the work of a distant relative or like the work of a better man.

. . . on Men and Women

I was the strangest and tenderest relations between men and women during what I call the ice and shelter times—the outside danger made love and devotion essential. It sounds terrible, but danger acted like an aphrodisiac. I'm talking about Italy in 1939-1940. ❖

Right: "The Vicksburg Table" mixed media on wood, aluminum, rubber stamps, collage; 1979



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MERIT taste delivery switching high tar smokers away from age-old favorites.



LOW TAR—ENRICHED FLAVOR

Kings, 10 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
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It's called Enriched Flavor tobacco. MERIT and MERIT 100's were both packed with this special tobacco. And taste-tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes.

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MERIT
Kings & 100's

BEHAVIOR

BY DAVID GELMAN

Man's Compulsion To Fight

Testosterone is a troublemaker, but so is our aggressive upbringing.



As a crowded Madison Avenue intersection, on a sleepy Saturday afternoon casually, there had been a skirmish between a pedestrian and a driver. The driver stood by his car shouting abuse. Halfway across the intersection, the pedestrian had stopped to consider a response while an attractive young woman tagged at his sleeve. Finally the pedestrian called out, "In three seconds you were to do about it?" The driver, a husky black man in a Woolworth, said, "Yeah, there's something I want to do about it" and advanced toward him. "Oh, Dick, come on," said the young woman, taking flight for the sidewalk. At a moment, the two men were eyeball to eyeball. A few more words—possibly in rage—passed between them, and then the black man brought his head up and slapped Dick

across the face. Dick took it without blinking, but instead of turning back he moved his palms and said, "All right?" **W**hen I looked back a moment later, the black man was screaming to his car, pointing only to keep some final control on his victim. When we were a block past the scene my wife asked, "What happened?" I said, "Nothing," and she didn't pursue it. She had not even looked toward the two men as we crossed near them. I don't think she saw the slap (let alone I did). Physical conflict always seems as possible between men, always as screaming when it happens. I had to see how it was done. He flinched, the punch the injury if it came to that, who would back down, I was in the middle of it. Poor Dick. What could he have said in Jane afterwards? Would he try to carry it off with a shrug, a wince, the hint of a cringe in his voice? Would he

rive half out of his shirt's length, throwing the punch he didn't throw? What could he be feeling now, to have been slapped like an restless child with a twisted smile looking on? How was he making it bearable?

These matters of honor in combat are no doubt more important to me than they should be, especially as an age when the only thing I may be obliged to fight is shadowing of the arteries. On the other hand, it seemed characteristic that my wife a few days later could not remember the incident at all until I prodded her memory. I carried her detachment. But, then, we are different creatures in the strict evolutionary sense. It has been suggested that as men and women we achieve different awareness, that we cognitive differences between us, different filters over the lens. I am fairly certain, for instance, that the physical does not im-

David Gelman is a senior writer at *New York Magazine*.

Photograph from Bruce Coleman Inc.

APRIL 26, 1998/ESQUIRE 87

We are programmed for competitive aggression, and until better ways of proving male worth are discovered, men are destined to compete.

prize on her means of honor, while for me and my associates the two are often found up in arms in a contest.

There are some differences in this peculiarity of males in the *Bombus* fly and *Apis* types. The owner of the *Bombus* mandible is an offensive, confrontational. Rutgers University anthropologist John has data on a lot of thinking about such things. Tiger suggests that honor may be an invention of male, called there, a concomitant of the primal urge of males to assert themselves. But males and females together, it seems in *Apis* is fewer, and they are likely to end up making love. But males by themselves are much more prone to make war or some constructive variant of it. Likewise it has been observed—those they establish some territory and dispute they will begin to fight. Some extreme cases for defense—something to do with—how to combat, to defend. "What chiefly distinguishes male groups from female groups," Tiger finally is the willingness of the males to "underlie aggressive action on the group's behalf." This is the means of self-validation of enhancing their status—"their honor, as it were"—among their fellows. This pattern is so often repeated in cultural studies throughout history, Tiger told me that you have to recognize a biological likelihood.

The "biological likelihood" in aggression, it seems, is mostly a matter of testosterone. The hormone abundantly secreted in the male sex, it seems, has taken the appropriate readings within twenty-four hours of that on summer on Madison Avenue, you probably would have found that the testosterone level of the male sex is significantly depressed while the vector level was very up. (There's something about testosterone. Males—at least those primate males that are usually studied in laboratories—seem inclined to fight because of it, if they are subjected to it, if they are victorious. It is both the incentive to do and the reward of honor. (Maybe, though I would like to think so, testosterone is, honor.) I have it on the authority of Dr. June Reinisch, monkey behaviorist, that at the age of twenty-one weeks in normal human males, testosterone is about the amount of testosterone found in a female fetus of the same age, an amount equal to the level that later appears in a normal male adult. (I don't know the last time that was based on that point in its development.) The cells look different, you can see it, Dr. Reinisch says. Furthermore, she notes experiments elsewhere have demonstrated that when you inject pituitary release monkey with the stuff, their

female offspring will turn up with some anomalous characteristics. The lab's major (repeated) tips are found, so if they were the beginning of a male's life, the children is enlarged, giving it the semblance, if not the substance, of a penis. As they grow up, these pseudo-homophilous monkeys engage in the sort of rough and tumble play and bawling behavior usually observed only in males. From this and parallel experiments, says Dr. Reinisch, "We can safely hypothesize that prenatal hormonal environment has something to do with aggression."

But it can also not agree by hormones alone. One has to allow for the role of genes and for "socialization" within the context of a given group or culture, as in individual behavior. As in Tiger's belligerent woman friends. Psychologist Leonard Rosenblum, who runs the primate lab at Brooklyn's Downstate Medical Center, has found, for instance, that if you castrate a male squirrel monkey and throw him in with a bunch of intact males, he will continue to behave like one of the boys. The group norm keeps him in line.

"It is impossible to tell which one dominates here," says the primate expert. Rosenblum. "If you castrate all of the males, the whole group may turn a little fey. This suggests at least some interplay between the hormonal and the social; that something is almost certainly working in the chemistry of males to underlie their aggressive pattern. In another series of experiments, at the University of Wisconsin, a male and a female tiger monkey would be separately isolated for three days, then returned to their group. Both would exhibit some disturbed behavior. But while the female would adjust to normal in relatively short order, the male might show testosterone levels for years, most certainly in aggression directed at his own group. It would turn out, in fact, that the male would turn out more masculine than his female twin. Frequently he would turn out as his own twin. His 'aggression factor' had tapered only once before, but only in relation with no object other than himself. (This is, of course, a biological condition that males are not only programmed for aggression but built for it. Sherwood Washburn, of the University of California at Berkeley, believes that certain anatomical features of male primates evolved specifically for this need and display of ritual of power and words that precedes combat. The brawling shoulder hairs of many primates, for example, are clearly a display device. They don't serve any sexual function, but keeping the rest off, but they give you that menacing, solid

beliefs that says, 'Don't mess with me, buddy.' One of Washburn's graduate students is working on it. It's Dr. Thores, in which she proposes that the basic, ancestral model is female. Nature tends to make a female," she says, "and that the difference between females and males is all in the intensity of aggression. As to why things should have evolved that way, you can get almost as many theories as there are tigers, and I find almost any one of them plausible. Tiger, for example, believes it was an evolutionary means of proof of significance when females began laying eggs. And then he says, females had to respond differently to the world around them. "They would be other breeding, finding or looking for a mate, they would have to be more receptive to the world. As a result, females had to stick close to the family nest and accordingly developed responses to avoid stimuli, such as snakes and lions, while males grew sensitive to provocative, from the male's point of view, among other territorial imperatives, building the attitude to kill a spoor a respectable distance."

In the long evolutionary run, this aggressive differential presumably was impressed on the species, but by the time that men are biologically destined to dominate women, enough male aggression is formed to throw the whole theory in doubt. When Robert Goldberg of the City College of New York recently linked the "aggression factor" to male dominance (*The Inevitability of Power*, 1974), he drew some work on behavior from female colleagues. One of them, Dr. Eleanor Leacock, was still carrying the flag in 1971's annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Washington. But that male dominance is the fashion in Western civilization doesn't prove a thing. Dr. Leacock herself admitted Goldberg. There are known hunter-gatherer societies where women do as much food gathering as men and enjoy the benefits of an egalitarian order, including the freedom to sleep around. (The double standard was attained in most hunter-gatherer societies, she says, in 1971.)

Currently, no one claims that females are inevitably docile. In the animal domain, mothers will of course fight savagely to protect their young. (Though Goldberg questions whether this constitutes aggression in any meaningful sense.) There are also women who can get pretty flat, sometimes even "manning" their playmates male-

mates. Among squirrel monkeys, observes Leonard Rosenblum, "The females appear to run the nest. Males will very seldom venture to displace them. And in some species it's very difficult to put females together without some of them getting their asses ripped. Come to think of it, who has never seen women fight? At a bar in Brooklyn I witnessed, bare knuckle, in nine, chair-wrestling, brawl, I saw one middle-aged woman on the sidewalk in front of my apartment building—the equal of which I have yet to see outside a John Ford western."

At the bottom and of the primate scale there is a clear, much-delineated between males and females in any case, and the species as a whole is not as completely aggressive as some of the downers are, using the name of the downers. It was Dick's misfortune that his encounter with the subdominant Madison Avenue male is part of a historical continuum that moves up honor with testosterone and gets all the upshots modeled in the process.

Dick would have been better off if he had taken his cue from the lower primate orders, whose members always make a careful assessment of an opponent's physique before committing themselves to an aggressive course of action. And Eleanor Leacock would have offered his mother a warning, based on the behavior of some of our present-day hunter-gatherers. Among Kalahari Bushmen, for instance, or among the Mbuti of the Congo basin, there is no concept of honor in the Western sense of face-saving. A man earns his manhood by providing efficiently, sharing generously and conducting himself modestly. The Bushmen and Kongo people would have been surprised to learn the Madison Avenue style of life. A Madison Avenue would have gathered around the antagonist and tried to turn them with being and jokes. There would have been a lot of talk and laughter, and the steam would have gone out of the quarrel. Certain Eskimo tribes, she adds, might have held a man's dead—a kind of gift-off, in which the two combatants would stand alone at each other and the only damage done is to the fabrics.

But then, in Dr. Leacock points out, these modern hunter-gatherers are different in two particular ways from you and me. They are structured for cooperation. They are programmed for competitive aggression, and until we find a better way of proving our worth as men, we are destined to compete and aggress. So there it is, finally, so consolation I can offer Dick, except that it's a good thing he didn't turn the dead animal. If he did, he who got stepped would surely get stepped again. Beyond that, I can give him some advice: leave the path of their vicious battle. If your challenger is bigger than you are, hit him with a pole, or learn to crawl. Or try the very last look book boys before leaving. —B



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Italian Style Ferrari is still a mope, same as sports cars. The open-roof, twin-seater 308 GTB has a three-liter engine, and is capable of a top speed of 158 mph. Ferrari plans to make about 1,000 of these this year, with 60 percent destined for the American market. It's not the fastest of the Ferraris, but it's supposed to be one of the most maneuverable. The 308 GTS costs for \$75,000 at Chicago-based national Motors, 1100 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.



Cap-out Kid like policeman's flashlight has a tapered, jet-set aluminum body, a black anodized finish, a non-slip handle, an unbreakable lens. Order it for \$18.90 (add \$1 for postage) from Manhattan Ad Hoc Housewares, 842 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.



Lost You Forget Light-weight nylon jacket is for the abandoned crew member. Extra small to extra large. \$17.95 (add \$1.75 postage) from Lench. End 2117 N. Elston Ave., Chicago, IL 60604.



Bagged Its designers call it gear, not luggage for everyday. Tents, pack, shoulder duffles, assorted carry-on gear—there are bags to fit almost anything anywhere. Made of tough neoprene fabric and leather, they're \$59 to \$159 at Rhinocerosville, New York; Newhouse-Morris, Dallas; Marshall Field, Chicago.



Future Tent The V6-23 prototype tent is completely free-standing and can be pitched on almost any terrain. Designed to sleep two, the rounded dome offers more usable interior space than a peak-roof tent of comparable weight. It's \$89 from The North Face, 1234 Fifth St., Berkeley, Calif. 94710.



Calculating Caller This phone has a calculator and an alarm clock, as well as an elapsed time record keeper. \$79.95 from Smart Phone Corporation, 2500 S. Deane Ave., Des Moines, IA 50318.



Changing Times A globe trotter's dream, the Copal World Traveler is a minimalist, battery-operated travel alarm clock, can be set instantly at the time of a control knob in any time zone in the world. From the Plumb Design Group, it's \$129.95 at Macy's, New York; Time's, St. Louis; Jory's Clock Shop, Chicago.

In Defense of the Truth

Oh, what a web we're weaving when America sets out deceiving.

I think I had been looking forward to the moment when I first caught my son watching the news very young, probably five or six, and I sat him down and played out the story but hardly note I had rehearsal telling about right and wrong about involuntariness in the human contract, about his coming back to haunt and hurt.

He listened, chuckled, uttered the perfect little boy, until I was done, and then asked "Does this mean when I answer the phone, I shouldn't tell people you're not home when you're in?"

Maybe he'll do better when his father comes. I'll give him a book just published by Paul Green, *Great Moral Choices in Public and Private Life*, by David Bok. It is the best self-help book I've read in a long time—but then I would prefer telling the truth all the time to being than 80 percent one and my own boyfriend. The book recently won't really be told.

John Kenneth Galbraith says on the last page: I read a 3-year-old while watching television. CBS's *60 Minutes* anniversary show a program presented by Bush, commercials in which actor Gene Ford kept repeating that Bush was America's history standard because of its underlying commitment to quality—except he might have added, for last year, when it began speaking Chevrolet engines inside Bush bodies.

This year hasn't been so hot, either. In my memory, at least, it all goes down to the year The New York Times editorial page celebrated a new era in the point that it was regarded as "more" than of an who thought United States the voters had some obligation to truth-telling, honesty, if it never let to you? I know—he says it starts out bad at a bit—was in the process of dancing around the obvious facts related to the Iraq of the U.S. attorney in Philadel-



phia, David Martin, when the New York Times, those in its moral weight, emphasizing "Whether the President should be held virtually to his campaign promises about nonpolitical, moral selection of federal prosecutors and judges is impossible. Such pledges are campaign staples and only the most naive voters should feel betrayed when officials fail to keep them."

That, in the classic philosophical debate on lying, briefly outlined by Mr. Bok (p. 102). The issue, with Machiavelli, who argued that "most things are done only by men with 'little regard for good faith. And with Nietzsche: 'A great man—what is he? He rather lies than tells the truth; a requiem more spent and sold. There is a schism within him that is inseparable to justice or blame, his own justice that is beyond appeal."

The other side was rules, absolutely, by several names and by Kant "By a law,

man throws away soul, so it were, sometimes his dignity as a man. Truthfulness is a status which cannot be avoided in the formal duty of an individual to everyone, however great may be the disadvantage according to himself or to another."

In the middle, with most of us, in Dr. Johnson—"The General Rule is, that truth should never be violated, there must, however, be some exceptions. If, for instance, a knave should ask you which way a man has gone."

I'll take my stand—and stand—on Bok. As really, with Nietzsche: My now or come far after doing inside, given with such it, I know it and I am convinced. I'll explain to Mark Twain "What on earth, tell the truth. It will offend your attitude and offend your friends."

Truthfulness, Mr. Bok believes, is an ethical necessity is therefore, making certainly something is, not lying when a national poll

shows that only one percent of Americans believe that public officials are even sincerely lying to them. Even if that number is off by say thirty points, we're in a continuing crisis of confidence. In what are called ethics classes, lawyers who control large banks of the society assert the right to lie for clients under unexamined circumstances with an eventually expanding circumference. Some states require officials to lie to the public—in, for instance, when an employer inquires whether a job applicant has a criminal record. Inevitably, Mr. Bok states accurately, consider it a duty to deserve in order to reach their self-defined status of higher truth.

She teaches ethics at Harvard's Harvard School of Law, and surprisingly, advocates more formal ethics training—when it's right and wrong today in America? Signs me up—and Carter, the people who run CNN, and Times editorial writers. ■



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